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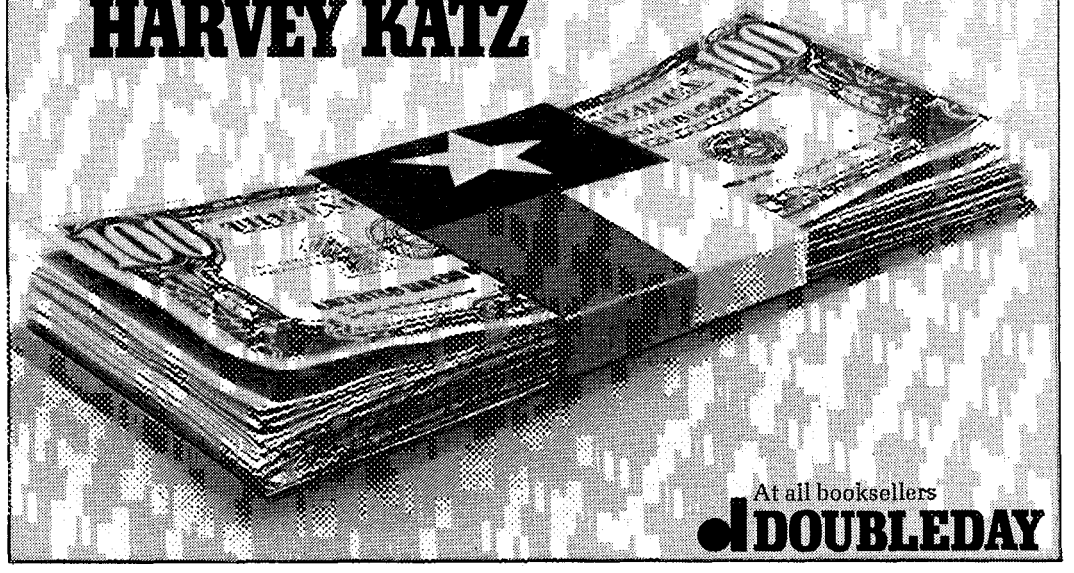

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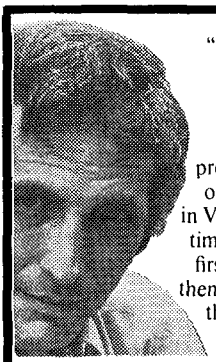

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SEPTEMBER 1972

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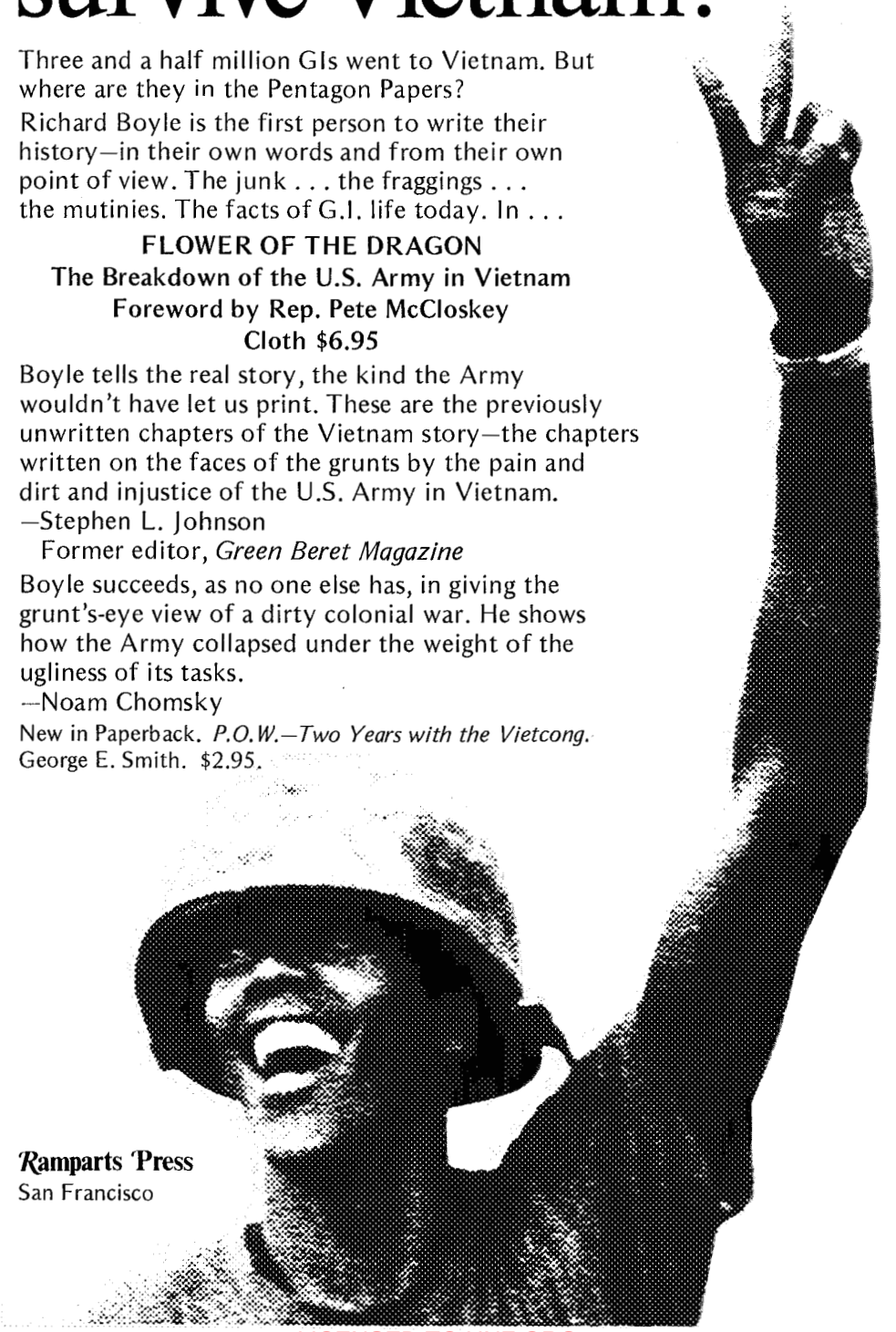

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Letters

The Governor Raiseth

Thomas Edsall in "Maryland: The Governor Raiseth," (February, 1972) suggests that political reform in Maryland has failed. He claims that reformers, seeking to displace the machines and bosses of old, have been beaten by special interests who recognize and use the power of money. As a consequence, he concludes, the people have less control now than before and money reigns supreme.

If Mr. Edsall is correct, liberals should slump in dejection. However, he is only partially correct in his analysis. While Governor Mandel did have access to political money in the 1970 election and does have unchallenged political influence today, these phenomena do not of themselves indicate the failure of reform. Rather, they represent the conditions for responsive and accountable government in a pluralistic society.

Mr. Edsall's perceptions are weak on two counts.

First, there is no evidence that Mr. Tydings ever attempted to reform Maryland politics. He did indeed run against the organization candidate in the primary. After the election, however, Mr. Tydings stood aside from Maryland politics, choosing instead to channel his reform energies into progressive federal legislation. To equate the defeat of Mr. Tydings with the defeat of Maryland political reform is simply incorrect.

Second, the election of Mandel does not indicate the failure of reform but rather the resilience of the Democratic Party in the midst of reform. With Mandel at the helm, party machinery underwent major surgery to explicitly recognize and deal with ideological and constituency differences prior to primary elections. Control was taken out of the hands of professional politicians and opened to the rank and file. For example, since 1970, party meetings are publicly announced and attendance of all party members is encouraged; candidates to the national convention are selected by party election; and a regular newsletter describing

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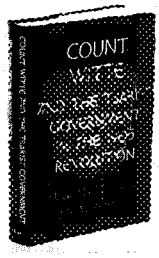

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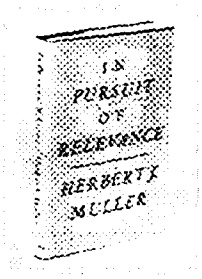

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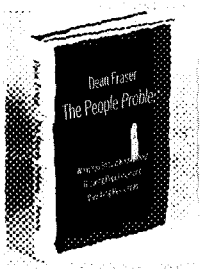

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party activities is distributed to party members. In short, the Democratic Party began reforming itself and won a major electoral victory in 1970. Contrary to Mr. Edsall's interpretation, it was a year of triumph rather than tragedy. (Admittedly, the success of the reforms is still being tested.)

Edsall concludes that the Governor has forged an alliance with Maryland business interests, and that the State Executive is run for the benefit of the Governor and their interests to the exclusion of the broader interests of Maryland society. There are two critical omissions in this argument.

First, Edsall does not explain how Governor Mandel won over 67 per cent of the vote in 1970. He asserts that past party bosses had to be responsive to the people in order to retain the people's allegiance and to hold their jobs. He does not tell us how it is that a governor today can fail to be responsive to the people and continue to hold his job.

Second, Edsall describes in great detail how the money for the 1970 campaign was collected. He implies that the election was bought and that the people were hoodwinked, yet he spends no time at all explaining how the money was spent.

Today the governor seems to have too much party control over the legislature. Because of this control and because of the inherent difficulties in dealing with complex problems on a part-time basis, the legislature voluntarily relegates itself to those problems with which it can deal. The appearance is definitely there of engaging in the kind of activities that Edsall describes, but it needn't be so. It is precisely at this point that we meet one dilemma of American government. How does one build sufficient party control to assure passage of the executive program and yet assure adequate debate? Traditionally, the answer is the two-party system. Perhaps, then, the final step in reform lies in continual strengthening of the Republican Party.

Until a stronger legislature emerges, however, Maryland politics will function within a gubernatorial-centered system. While not perfect, this system is one of executive strength and responsiveness.

THOMAS L. BERTONE
Charleston, W. Va.

The author, Thomas Edsall, replies:

Reform effort in Maryland over the past four years has centered on the structure and

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the procedures of the Democratic Party bureaucracy—a bureaucracy which is prohibited by its own constitution from participation in primary elections, and which has little or no influence in a legislature dominated by Democrats. The relative unimportance of the party structure became apparent recently during challenges to the state's delegation to the convention. William S. James, party chairman, and Charles O. Fisher, counsel, argued that the party has no control over slate-making organizations.

The heart of the matter, however, lies elsewhere. The involvement of reformers with the alteration of a powerless bureaucracy reflects a larger failure to perceive the logic of the financial base of political power, and the failure to perceive the consequences of other supposed reforms. At the state level, where grassroots movements are rare, the simultaneous rising cost of elections and the growing inability of organizations to produce bloc votes for specific candidates have created a situation in which a candidate who has a lock on available political money can prevent the development of any powerful opposition. Governor Mandel was unopposed in the 1970 primary because he and his supporters were so effective in tying up the available cash that there were almost no financial resources left for challengers. Using complete domination over campaign contributors as the major vehicle to elective victory may well demonstrate what Mr. Bertone calls the "resilience of the Democratic Party in the midst of reform."

I did not characterize the defeat of Senator Tydings in the general election of the same year as the defeat of the reform movement in Maryland. Instead, I described it as a symptomatic example of a liberal whose ignorance of the political forces in his own state compelled him to alter his position in an attempt to be identified with the party regulars running for the remaining state-wide offices.

A final point: There is nothing wrong with a strong executive in principle. Instead, the issues are: what are the bases of his power and what concessions were forced by his acquisition of this power? A dependence upon the interests which profit from state programs as an almost exclusive source of campaign financing necessarily results in concessions to those interests. These concessions may not require an outright rejection of "the needs of the people," but they do require a maintenance of the practices and procedures from which those interests have profited. In the Mandel Administration this is reflected, in part, in the creation of a banking commission which has demonstrated no real interest in changing the existing role of lending insitutions; in the active support of legislation highly favorable to the racing industry; in the payment of over $20 million in state money in non-competitive awards to major campaign contributors. The near unanimous recognition among ambitious politicians not only of these incidental practices, but also of the dangers of pressing for legislation which disrupts the interests that pay the cost of elections, produces an atmosphere in which any constituent demand beyond patronage is likely to be neglected, an atmosphere which is endemic not only in Maryland, but in a majority of legislatures and city halls across the country.

The Dirty Thirty

I would like to correct several errors in the excerpt from my book *Shadow on the Alamo*, that appeared in your magazine ["How the Dirty Thirty Cleaned Up Texas," July, 1972].

State Representative Jake Johnson is not a "liberal-turned-banker." As far as I know, he has never had any banking interests. Dick Cory is a beer lobbyist, not a liquor lobbyist (lobbyists are sensitive about such things). The Houston *Chronicle* did not demand Gus Mutscher's resignation (it did publish a story that reported the Dirty Thirty's demand for his resignation). Sissy Farenthold did not lose the majority of the Smith-Barnes vote to Dolph Briscoe in the run-off election.

Farenthold entered the run-off campaign with 26 per cent of the vote to Briscoe's 44 per cent. The total after the run-off was 55-45, Briscoe's favor. Midway through the last week of the campaign, most pollsters were calling the race a toss-up. However, in the last few days, a barrage of Briscoe hate literature emphasizing and distorting Sissy's stands on marijuana, abortion, and busing apparently turned the tide.

Although Sissy Farenthold will not be governor of Texas next year, there is every reason to believe she will be a major political force in the state during the 1970s. The new coalition she formed is a true extension of the Dirty Thirty—disparate in ethnic, social, and ideological composition, committed to the cause of public government, infused with Populistic zeal. It gives this particular political skeptic considerable hope for Texas.

HARVEY KATZ
Washington, D. C.

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Let Them Eat Bombs

by John Everingham

Author's Note: *From March, 1968, to May, 1972, I made seven treks to the jungled villages of Long Pot District in north central Laos. The district is located approximately 32 miles to the northwest of Long Cheng, headquarters for General Vang Pao's American-trained army, and 30 air miles to the southwest of the now deserted Plain of Jars.*

In 1968, Long Pot was made up of slightly less than 2,000 people living in 11 separate villages. Five of these were populated by the Meo clan, five by the Hill Lao, and one by the people of the Mekong River lowlands. Long Pot is the name of the district and also the name of the Meo village serving as district headquarters.

Photo by John Everingham/DNS

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March, 1968

It was a three-day walk to Long Pot village from the nearest motor road. When I first arrived, I saw clusters of thatch and bamboo houses gripping the sides of a man-scraped ridge. The cries of small children scampering on the rust-colored clay mingled with the grunts and squeals of fat pigs rooting in the underbrush. It was a peaceful scene.

I was shown to the home of the district chief. He was a short, vigorous man in his late fifties, with a high forehead and the melancholy dignity of a senior statesman. Gair Su Yang wore loose black pants of traditional Meo cut and a U. S. military fatigue jacket; he wore no shoes.

According to Gair Su Yang, the first helicopter landed in Long Pot in 1960. The pilots were American, but a Meo officer climbed out to talk with him. The officer spoke of an alliance between the Americans and a Meo colonel of the Royal Lao Army named Vang Pao. He said that American officials had made a pact with Vang Pao, promising to build for the Meo their own army and independent state in the mountains. They guaranteed that the tribesman would not fall under the control of either faction of lowland Lao then girding for civil war. The officer painted a picture of future prosperity for the Meo. All they had to do was become anti-communist, helping the Americans to fight the Pathet Lao revolutionaries controlling sections of Laos' northern provinces.

One of the problems that the people of Long Pot had in accepting the deal was that they were not sure who Vang Pao was. But there was a more basic problem—though Gair Su Yang did not inform me of it until sometime later: "If we joined the alliance, the Pathet Lao would have become our enemy and would have threatened our village. . . . I told him that Long Pot would not join Vang Pao and the Americans." According to Gair Su Yang, the officer then became angry and threatened that Vang Pao and the Americans considered those not friends to be enemies, and "enemy villages would be attacked and captured by Vang Pao's men."

"We couldn't do anything," Gair Su Yang later contended, pointing out that only fear of a helicopter-load of soldiers descending upon Long Pot forced him to accept involvement in the war venture.

By the end of 1960, every man in Long Pot village had received an M-1 rifle or carbine. Many had been flown to Long Cheng for three to four months' training by U. S. soldiers. (These were probably U. S. Special Forces, whom it was common to see in small up-country towns of Laos until 1968-69. Thereafter CIA "civilians" were used to train Vang Pao's army.) Long Pot's men were then given rank in irregular battalion 209.

Long Pot had been militarized in defense of "Meoland" nearly eight years when I first visited. It had not, however, gone to war. The M-1s were used for shooting squirrels and birds. Men, women, and children slashed, burned, and planted to reap harvests of rice, corn, and, of course, the opium poppy. Opium was the main cash crop, which from 1960 onwards had been bought by Meo soldiers and transported both by pony caravan and American-piloted Air America helicopters from Long Cheng.

October, 1970

During the summer of 1969, the Bureau of Public Roads, Laos Division (an arm of USAID), opened war-abandoned Route 13 linking the administrative capital of Vientiane with the royal capital at Luang Prabang. The new road put Long Pot only a half-day walk from motor transport. A companion and myself traveled up Route 13 by motorcycle and walked the rest of the way to Long Pot village. As we arrived, 20 teenage boys in U. S. army uniforms, dragging M-1 carbines and rifles often too big for them, paced through mock-military maneuvers, periodically diving to the ground in a half-hearted manner that would have gotten them killed if bullets had really been flying. A few days earlier, they had returned by helicopter from Long Cheng. There, they said, U. S. soldiers had put them through three months of military training. Another helicopter would arrive that afternoon, they said, and take them off to Moung Soui district, about 30 miles to the northeast, where the Pathet Lao were in the midst of attacking and taking the town.

The boys' eyes revealed their fear and demoralization as they talked about the coming helicopter ride and their destination. And as we all waited, bombs could be heard peppering the hills in the distance, in the direction of Moung Soui. The bomb blasts,

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John Everingham is a reporter for Dispatch News Service International. He is currently reporting from Laos, where he has been for the past three years.

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though 15 to 20 miles away, shook the hill under our feet and shattered the young soldiers' nerve. Several mothers were crying as they fussed over their soldier-boys; lucky charms were stuffed into baggy pockets. District Chief Gair Su Yang was at the center of the gathering handing out new U. S. army uniforms, pep-talking his recruits. But Gair Su Yang's voice was flecked with anger and did nothing to ease the funereal atmosphere.

No, said every boy I asked, they didn't want to go to fight the Pathet Lao. They said their village headmen had chosen them; they must go. And they went. Early next morning, I ran out from breakfast in Gair Su Yang's house as a helicopter finally whoop-whooped in to land. "Air America" was clearly printed down the side of the silver and blue craft. Boys clambered aboard. The helicopter rose and swept away toward Moung Soui. In three swift trips, 20 village boys were gone. None ever saw home again—except for one. His body was returned for burial 12 months later.

Tong Ouie is a village of Hill Lao people about an hour's walk from Long Pot village. The Hill Lao are a less prosperous, less colorful race who share the mountains with the Meo. But such distinctions are obscured in khaki. Early in 1970, Long Cheng demanded men from Tong Ouie to boost the failing Meo forces. The headman recounted the story bitterly: he had first refused to send a single man up to Long Pot village to fill out the district's quota. "The Americans are crazy. So is Vang Pao. They send more and more men against the Pathet Lao each year and they all get killed. Why should our people fight and die for the Meo or the Americans?"

It was after dinner; we lounged on the springy bamboo floor of the headman's house, raised by stilts from the ground. The outrage weighed heavy in him as he told his story. "American soldiers" had arrived in his village soon after he failed to send the men to Long Pot's helicopter pad. (The "American soldiers" he spoke of were actually CIA-trained Meo. In local usage, soldiers from Long Cheng are often called, or call themselves, "American soldiers.") They had come fully armed from Tam Son military garrison 10 miles to the east. The headman described carefully how the soldiers offered him a new chance to choose four men for his quota of conscripts. If he would not, they would seize whomever they could find. He had no choice, he said bitterly, and told how four of the miserable young soldiers I had seen helicoptered off to Moung Soui were his own boys.

Back in Long Pot village, Gair Su Yang had invited us to "stay as long as you like; there is plenty of rice." The rice was stacked bag-on-bag in one corner of the house. It had been dropped to the village by USAID supply planes under the guise of providing rice for refugees.

One of the original promises the CIA had made to Vang Pao in 1960 was to air-drop rice to feed the families of every soldier in the new army, Gair Su Yang said. And since Long Pot—despite its unwillingness—was supplying boys for the army, USAID planes dropped the half-filled bags (to keep them from breaking) to the village every month. Many families had no other means of support since their men had been drafted. And a constant supply of American rice for two years had destroyed many of the villagers' incentive to plant any themselves.

August, 1971

Seven hours slogging through the mud along wet-season tracks brought Alfred McCoy and myself into Long Pot and to Gair Su Yang's guest bed. I was guiding McCoy, another American writer, to the village to study the CIA's role in the opium trade. [McCoy's book, *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, is being published this month by Harper and Row.] Pathet Lao guerrilla bands were in the hills north of the village, waiting out the end of the rains. In the year since I had last been in the area, Lao advances had put them in control of the 30 miles of territory from Moung Soui down to Long Pot's northern hills. With the Pathet Lao had come the bombing. The people of Long Pot were afraid to walk even 400 yards from their village. Faced with a CIA-army expansion, the Pathet Lao moved slowly onto the offensive. With the war threatening to burst through their gates, tribesmen and families were fearful.

The Pathet Lao had the Vang Pao-CIA army against the wall. What remained of the army was clinging to perhaps a fourth of the territory it had held in the mid-sixties, and as it continued to pull back, American aircraft evacuated the civilians to the foothills.

District Chief Gair Su Yang had regularly traveled to Long Cheng for conferences with both American and Meo officers. He had flown to forward bases and to the Plain of Jars. He had seen the war approach until its shadow hung over his own village. He was desperate. Soldiers were dying faster than

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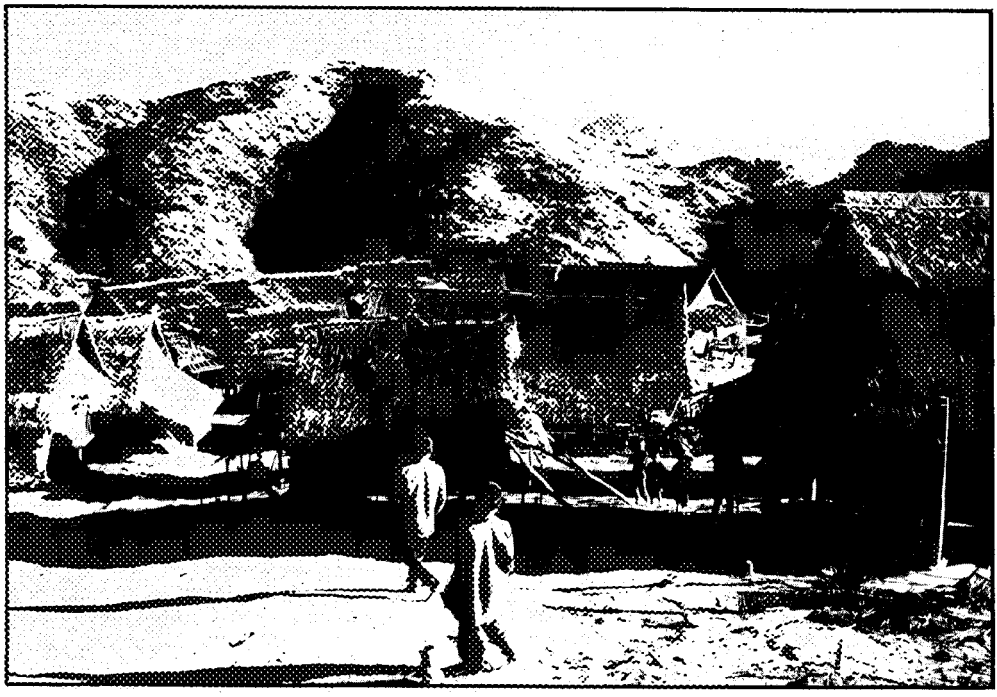

Photo by John Everingham/DNS

Tong Ouie village near Long Pot in December, 1971

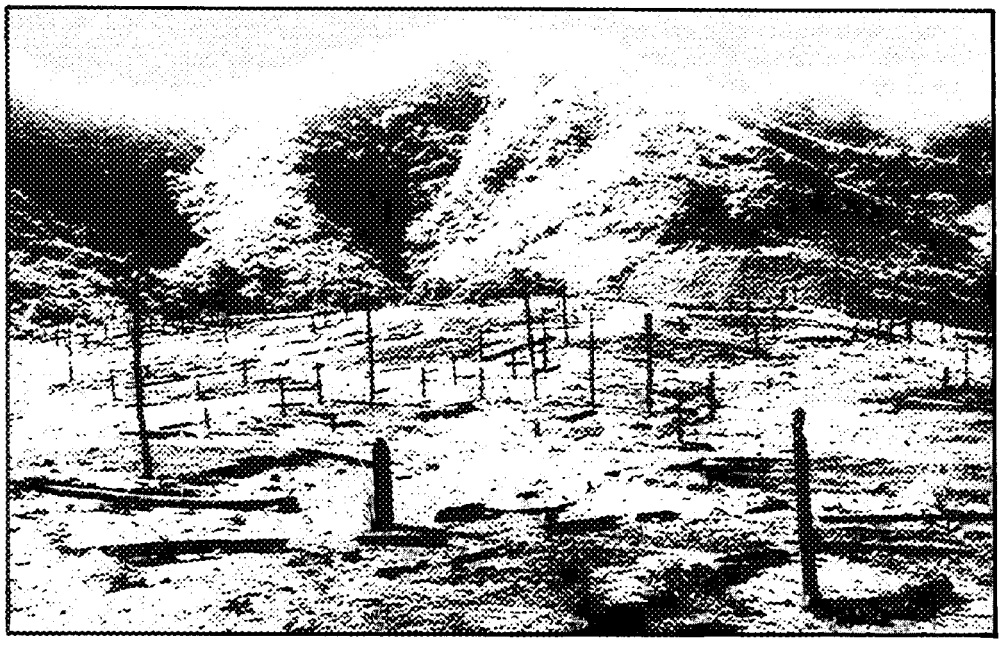

Photo by John Everingham/DNS

Tong Ouie in May, 1972

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they could be trained. Demands from Long Cheng became more persistent and more threatening. Long Pot must send more men.

"Of the 60 I had to send to the army in 1970, 12 were dead by the end of the year. Then this year they said I must send all our 14-year-olds. Last year they wanted only 15-year-olds; I sent many and they got killed. We have only 60 men left in the village, and we need them here. I refused to send more."

Gair Su Yang said officials from Long Cheng had radioed and threatened, "no men, no rice." The families with men already sent to the army depended upon continuation of American-dropped rice. But Gair Su Yang refused again, he said. "Fourteen is too young to be a soldier, and we need them here in the village." The last rice was dropped to the village in February. In March, the Pathet Lao entered the northern part of the district. Villagers fled to the forest to avoid the bombing. In hiding, they became desperate for rice, but continued radio calls to Long Cheng brought the same response: "no men, no rice."

Hunger first hit the families whose men had been drafted. It next spread to three villages of refugee Hill Lao who had deserted their huts during the Pathet Lao occupation of the northern part of the district and had come to camp at Long Pot village. Wealthier families who had shared their grain were next, and by the time McCoy and I arrived there was no rice. We ate bland corn meal grown to feed the livestock. The pigs outside fended for themselves and became thin. There was little meat to be had.

Crowding Gair Su Yang's mid-floor fire, nine village headmen gathered on our second day. They stamped their feet, chanted, and spoke defiantly against Vang Pao and the Americans in Long Cheng. They unanimously passed a resolution to buy what rice they could afford and then to go hungry if necessary; they would send no more men to the army.

(The USAID official coordinating rice deliveries in the Long Pot area worked out of Ban Son, a town 35 miles to the south. I met him a few months later and he said that he personally reviewed each decision to drop or not drop rice. To find who was responsible back in Long Cheng, I asked the radio operator in Long Pot. Meo officers, he said, pass orders over the radio, though sometimes he had to wait for decisions until these officers conferred with Americans. "Americans," he said, "are the bosses.")

Fear motivates as well as hunger. Long Pot's families had stripped their homes and fled south to the refugee settlements. The hungry Hill Lao refugees would not return to their villages and rice fields, a two-hour walk to the north, even though the Pathet Lao had withdrawn. Gair Su Yang spoke about the fear breaking out in his own village. There were tears in his eyes and I noted that his hair, barely specked with gray when I had first met him in 1968, was now a silver color.

"It's the bombs. Every village north of here has been bombed. Every village. From here to Moung Soui, from here to the Plain of Jars. When bombs haven't blown the houses up they have burned them down. There are huge craters in the villages. Many people have died."

He shaped the biggest crater he could manage with his arms, then swooped them low to simulate an attacking plane. "Near here the villages were bombed, too. Phou Miang was bombed this year. Very near us here. Eleven bombs exploded in the village and one that did not go off is still there."

October, 1971

After our August trip to Long Pot, McCoy had complained to USAID officials in Vientiane that Long Pot's rice supply had been cut off. Within a week of McCoy's complaints to the U. S. Embassy, Long Pot was again receiving airdrops of rice. An American-trained Meo medic was helicoptered in to set up a small dispensary for the district. Yet on my return to the village in October, people were still without sufficient food. The normal USAID monthly ration—supplied to everyone who really needed it, according to the American in charge of the program—was 15 kilograms (33 pounds) per person. People in Long Pot were receiving only five kilograms (11 pounds), even though a "concerned" USAID officer in Ban Son had personally listened to the pleas of Gair Su Yang. Over a three-day period I compiled a list of every hungry family in the district. I later presented the findings to the refugee relief division of USAID in Vientiane. Nothing was done.

As Gair Su Yang recounted it, the village of Phou Miang, about 10 miles north of Long Pot, lay destroyed by bombs. My second attempt to reach the site went without incident. (A similar trip in August proved impossible when Meo soldiers fired at us with automatic rifles.) The houses of Phou Miang had been few and far apart, and

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this had saved it from complete destruction. Many more than Gair Su Yang's figure of 11 bombs had been dropped among the houses. Craters were wide and shallow, indicating the bombs had been mounted with two-yard-long rods to make them explode above the ground. With the rods on their noses the bombs spread their shrapnel over a greater distance—they became anti-personnel bombs. They were accompanied by what my guide called "the bomb that burns everything."

December, 1971

It was mid-December, Meo Lunar New Year, when I last saw Gair Su Yang in Long Pot. He apologized that the festivities would not be as gay as in past years. Many families could not even offer a pig for sacrifice and feasting. In his 60 years he could not remember such poverty in the village. Nevertheless, unmarried girls adorned themselves with richly colored tunics and trousers, and with finely crafted silver rings around their necks. Atop a grassy hillock they tossed ceremonial cloth balls with boys from distant villages, part of the mass courtship game of swapping partners, compliments, and songs.

Gair Su Yang was more apprehensive than ever. The rains were over and the tracks dry. It was the time of the year for Pathet Lao guerrillas to attack the Vang Pao army outposts. Helicopters had recently landed 30 irregulars and 30 Royal Lao army soldiers in Long Pot. They had erected fortifications 400 yards outside the village limits. "Now," said Gair Su Yang, "the Pathet Lao won't be able to just walk into the village and take it. They'll have to clear out the soldiers first. And then the planes will bomb us." Rice denial, he said, was only one means, and not the most effective, that the Americans had to push his people to fight the Pathet Lao. The thought of bombs raining on a man's family would keep him fighting when nothing else would. For any village, Gair Su Yang said, falling behind Pathet Lao lines would mean devastation from the sky.

"To keep away the bombs we must keep away the Pathet Lao. And that's what the Americans want." But, said Gair Su Yang, if the Pathet Lao were to come to his village the people would not fight. "The villagers at Phou Miang fought to keep the Pathet Lao away. They lost; the planes leveled their village anyway. We won't fight. We will slip out the back way and go to the refugee camps."

February 1972

I made my way by motorboat and sampan into Pak Sah village, 17 miles southeast of the royal capital, Luang Prabang. Like Long Pot, Pak Sah was perched on the brink of the free-fire zone blanketing Pathet Lao territory; I had come to get photographs of its predicament. Five minutes' walk outside Pak Sah I found myself face to face with two Pathet Lao soldiers. Arrested and then marched to the east, I spent the next 29 days in "liberated territory." For the first four days I was held at gunpoint, kept in jail, and branded a "professional bomb dropper." Eventually I was sent to a small, jungle camp 20 miles west of the Plain of Jars and held for two weeks while my story and credentials were checked. The camp was near Muong Soui, the destination of the boy soldiers I had watched helicoptered out of Long Pot in 1970.

"Every village north of here has been bombed," Gair Su Yang had told me, and it seemed true. During my 29 days with the Pathet Lao I saw not a single village standing in the open. All human activity had gone underground or into the security of the forest. Though a large portion of the province had chosen to leave for the U. S.-run refugee camps, many had opted to remain. I saw nine different communities making a living in the shelter of the deep jungle. People from one village, Par Kheng, were living in caves.

When I was still thought to be a pilot, angry villagers yelled at me that American and Royal Lao air force bombers had been dropping explosives on them since 1967. Every day, T-28 bombers dumped aluminum canisters filled with anti-personnel bomblets into the protective canopy of vegetation. The six-foot containers would open as they fell and spew out more than 100 grenade-sized ball-bearing filled bomblets which spread over a sizeable area. Any person outside when the bomblet went off had little chance of escaping alive. The T-28s would saturate as much forest as possible with their six-canister loads and return to home base for more. Once an attack by three T-28s found the camp at which I was being held. Soldiers, civilians, and I jammed our bodies into one of the ever-present tunnel shelters and escaped with our lives.

I was finally sent back on the same route along which I had been marched into the "liberated zone." The Pathet Lao government was satisfied that I probably was a

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photo-journalist. I entered Luang Prabang with a personal appreciation of the terror in Gair Su Yang's voice as he tried to describe the zone of destruction he feared would envelop Long Pot.

May, 1972

"Nobody lives there," said the Royal Lao soldiers as I looked eastward from Route 13 towards Long Pot District. They found it queer that I should even stop and ask about Long Pot. They did not know which tracks were mined. Their attitude didn't help my sense of purpose—still, I had to get there. Early in January, a Western traveler had somehow managed to return from a frightening trip to Phou Khoun, about 10 miles northeast of Long Pot. He claimed he had taken a photograph of a huge mushroom cloud rising from behind a hill after three planes had attacked a village that soldiers along the road had called "Long Pot." In February, while still detained by the Pathet Lao, I had been told by an officer named Khamsing, who had only recently returned from Long Pot, that the district was under Pathet Lao control but that the village had been bombed to "black stumps and scorched earth."

I took my chances, striking off on one of the approaches I knew best. With the exception of nearly stepping on a mine on my return journey (fortunately it had been half-unearthed by the spring rains), I made the trip without trouble. What I found, however, more than matched the worst predictions and reports of Long Pot's fate. I wandered alone over the scorched hilltop where Gair Su Yang's home had stood. Ash and a few charred poles, a few pieces of metal plate and utensils were all that was left.

A single house somehow remained erect on the most prominent hill. It stood like a tombstone in memory of Long Pot's death, though with most of its walls blown away. It hardly promised to remain long.

The village's ruins had been deserted more than four months, but in that one remaining house I found Gair Su Yang's wife and his second son, Chao Cho. They had returned to the village with about 10 others to search for lost cattle and buffalo. Any animals they found would be taken south to the refugee camps, their new homes. Chao Cho told of the bombing of Long Pot. The Pathet Lao offensive had swept south, by-passing the village to get at the military garrison from Long Cheng. The Pathet Lao had the 30 Long Cheng irregulars and 30 Royal Lao regulars on the run within an hour. Caught behind Pathet Lao lines and fearful of the bombing that was sure to come, Long Pot's families fled to the forest.

Old Var Lur, the village's most respected medium, whom I had often photographed during his incantations, had returned from the forest late one day to feed the pigs and chickens. His wife and a Hill Lao man were with him. While they were in the village a T-28 spotted them, attacked, and dropped cluster bombs (CBUs). All three were killed trying to get inside Var Lur's house. The village was finished off with napalm, fragmentation bombs, and more CBUs the following few days, Chao Cho said.

Chao Cho and his friends said that most of the bombs were dropped by the propeller-driven T-28s, but, they said, jets bombed on some days, and the big crater in the middle of one cluster of Long Pot's houses was from a bomb released by a jet.

In Ban Nam Phak, a Hill Lao village and the biggest settlement in the district, 14 people had been killed by CBUs, according to Chao Cho. That had been the first village bombed, apparently before the inhabitants had had time to evacuate. After that, Chao Cho, said, the whole of Ban Nam Phak fled into the forest and joined the Pathet Lao. The village itself had subsequently been razed clean.

According to Chao Cho, the people of Long Pot never saw the Pathet Lao, who had passed the village and continued south in pursuit of the fleeing soldiers from Long Cheng. Nobody had heard of any Pathet Lao being killed by the bombing.

In five days I traveled to 10 of 11 villages in the district. All had been destroyed. A few people at Long Pot village assured me that the 11th had also been razed. Tong Ouie, whose headman had been so enraged at the kidnap-drafting of his men, was in cinders. At Ban Tam Geo, charred two-by-fours stood at attention before a dozen large craters.

People from two of the 11 villages had fled north into Pathet Lao territory. Those from the nine others, including Gair Su Yang and his people, had fled south to the refugee centers. They would only come back to live in Long Pot, said Chao Cho, if the war finished and there were no more planes dropping bombs. Until then, they would live in refugee camps with the rest of the Meo people, who, according to the official American explanation, "are denied their homes by the presence of the Pathet Lao."■

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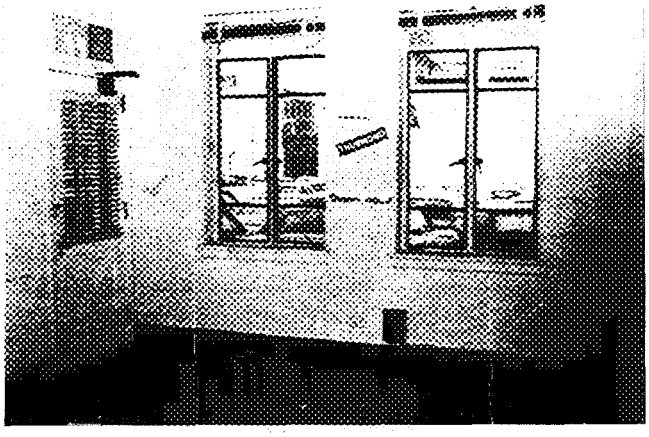
Tidbits and Outrages

Congress in Hiding

After all its internal reforms and gestures toward open government, Congress actually held the same percentage of closed hearings in 1971 as it did in 1969—according to a *Congressional Quarterly* study. Responding to increased public interest in the military, the Senate Armed Services Committee went from 56 per cent secrecy in 1969 to 79 per cent in 1971. The Senate Agriculture Committee, for some unknown reason, still held 33 per cent of its meetings behind closed doors in 1971. Other Senate committees, and the percentage of secret hearings they held last year include: Finance, 47 per cent; Foreign Relations, 43 per cent; Public Works, 50 per cent; Rules and Administration, 68 per cent. On the House side: Appropriations, 92 per cent; Administration, 84 per cent; and Standards of Official Conduct, 93 per cent.

Capitalism is Cheaper

Sperry Rand had made shell casings under a cost-plus contract since 1951, pulling in $17 million on a $50,000 initial investment. Recently, the Army switched to a competitively bid contract, and Sperry suddenly decided that it could make each 155 mm casing for $6.49 less, or 20 per cent cheaper, than before. One wonders how low the Pentagon budget would be even if it kept all its programs and merely adopted the old-fashioned bidding system for everything.



Buy a Lightbulb for Strom

The following letter to potential campaign contributors was enclosed with this snapshot of Senator Strom Thurmond's campaign office at 1317 Lady Street, Columbia, South Carolina:

. . . It's been empty like this for several days now because we don't have the money to clean it up and put in desks, chairs, tables and phones.

If you are concerned and would like to help one of the great conservative U. S. Senators, then you will be just as anxious as we are to get the headquarters operating.

Senator Thurmond received this snapshot from his South Carolina campaign manager who wanted him to see how much work needs to be done before the opening.

When the Senator showed it to me, I told him I would send it to you so you could see. . . the situation facing us.

As you can see from the photo. . . the first order of business is to sweep, mop and paint our headquarters. We have volunteers working like beavers right now. They have borrowed brooms and mops and even supplied the paint and brushes.

But the big costly items we can't expect to be donated; things like desks, chairs, tables, telephones and so on. . . .

With your maximum donation of $60.00, or whatever amount you send, we will have this place looking spic and span in a few days, and we can really get our volunteers working full-time.

To the Man Who Brought You Corvair

The National Motor Vehicle Safety Advisors Council has given GM President Edward Cole its first award for "outstanding contribution to automotive safety." Cole, known as the father of the Corvair, heads a company that has recalled over 17.7 million automobiles, or 54 per cent of its total production, for safety defects since 1966. (Ford had called in 7.5 million, or 40 per cent; Chrysler, 1.2 million, or 16 per cent.)

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The Space Shuttle: Who Needs It?

by Les Aspin

Dreaming up the shuttle was the crucial decision for NASA. By the 1970s, manned space flights were coming to a boring end. People were getting tired of watching the simulated space capsule and the endless countdown, while commentators rambled on about rocket fuel and Christopher Columbus. NASA was also surprised that their polls revealed one out of four Americans (and 65 per cent of the people in Morocco) didn't believe that anybody had been to the moon, while many of the believers didn't care.

NASA was one of the better agencies in the sense that it had been relatively efficient, had incurred few cost overruns, and the results of its work were out there for everybody to see. But it also faced a special problem—while HUD doesn't have to worry about whether improved housing will be a long-range goal, the waning interest in space exploration forced NASA to be more inventive in its public relations than most other agencies.

The answer to NASA's problem—the space shuttle—emerged from a "brainstorming session" held at its secluded Wallops Island facility. There is a crucial point in any agency's history when the fan mail starts thinning out and Congress begins to ask questions, and it is at this point that the strongest supporters of bureaucratic survival take eloquent command. A critical turning of the tide occurs, for what was once creating an agency to further a program becomes creating a program—any program—that will further the agency. The space shuttle filled such a need.

Launched from the drawing board, the first version of the shuttle was a $15-billion Buck Rogers model, which would be linked to a $14-billion space station. The shuttle was supposed to transport flight crews and

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supplies to the space station and on to other lunar and planetary bases that NASA envisioned.

While the TV possibilities for the shuttle were obvious, opposition began to emerge soon after Congress and the public began to get tired of Mission Control. In 1970, an amendment against the shuttle very nearly carried in the House. NASA had underestimated the change in mood and had to scale down the whole space venture.

When faced with such congressional challenge, NASA began to shift ground, reverse field, run in circles, and make noise—much like a goose protecting her nest from an attacking weasel. The agency had first explained the shuttle as the savior of manned space flights, but when manned flights became unpopular, the shuttle quickly turned into both a manned and unmanned vehicle. Such contradictions in the shuttle's specific mission made NASA retreat to loftier and vaguer purposes, like "a continued presence in space," explaining that the "shuttle will do many useful things." NASA interpreted those things to mean all the potential virtues of any space exploration—to bring back rocks, to figure out the secret of the universe, to find ways to cure diseases, to satisfy wanderlust, to establish military superiority, to serve science, the Army, the people, and a whole lot more.

As the shuttle became a manned-unmanned craft, it also evolved into a military-unmilitary vehicle. This was the result of another dilemma—since racing the Russians was no longer a very interesting purpose, the agency had to fall back on national security to some extent, but not so much that people would accuse it of being an adjunct to the Pentagon. Space has always been a game of inches, and in this case, the military aspects of the shuttle couldn't be downgraded too much, and they couldn't be emphasized too much, either. NASA resolved this by deciding that the shuttle would be to the Air Force what a cab is to a commuter who missed his train—it could be whistled up once in a while, but otherwise would not be needed. Officially, NASA maintains that alterations for military use of the shuttle have not added to the cost, but the Air Force admits to spending more than $2 million on shuttle feasibility studies. And while Air Force Secretary Robert Seamans last year refused to term the shuttle an essential military requirement, the NASA press kits included a statement by Seamans that said in part: "We. . . are also interested in its. . .potential as a means for performing our military missions more effectively and economically. . . and we are pleased that the present vehicle is configured to meet present DOD needs."

The shuttle continued to take on more uses as NASA attempted to gather in more supporters. In fact, the shuttle exhibited much greater flexibility and adaptability under congressional attack than it would ever need to survive in space. When doubts were expressed about the amount of tonnage that the shuttle would throw into space (using NASA's figures, critics pointed out that the shuttle would put nearly 10 times more junk into space than NASA had in any year thus far), NASA merely shifted its calculations around or altered its press releases to emphasize something else. When other details about the shuttle were questioned, NASA retreated into economics and the fact that the shuttle could be reused over 100 times.

A Bargain in Bananas

The economic arguments are the hardest ones for NASA to pull off. When the purpose of any government program is under direct attack, the agency in question usually discovers that it is a living bargain, a way to save money. But, the question for NASA is: a savings over what? Even a NASA official admitted that "a bargain in bananas only represents a savings if the customer needs bananas." Following NASA's argument, the way to save on the shuttle is to adopt a more grandiose and costly space program for the shuttle to economize on. A series of economic studies commissioned by the agency clearly indicates that a saving in operation could only be gained by a massive increase in space activities through the 1980s.

What is the shuttle really going to cost? After scaling down its original plans, NASA says a mere $5.1 billion, and if you ask any congressman, he will most likely answer, "about $5 billion." But what NASA does not say is that this amount covers only the cost for shuttle development, and not its operation and use—something like telling the backer of a compulsive gambler that the price of a night in Las Vegas is the cover charge at the casino.

Furthermore, the initial $5.1 billion will provide only two shuttles, which may or may not even be operational, depending on which NASA spokesman you happen to be talking to at the time. NASA projects some 580 shuttle launches over the next 12

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years—which means that at least another four vehicles, and possibly six, will have to be built at a cost of $400 million each. This will add at least $1.6 billion to the total shuttle bill.

Then there are the launch costs, at $10 million a shot, which pad the price by another $5.8 billion. Payload costs, using NASA's conservative estimate of $1,000 per pound, will add at least $20 billion more. That leaves us with a $32.5-billion expense for what is being called a $5.1-billion total cost.

But even $32.5 billion is not the grand total. It assumes that NASA's very rough estimates of component costs are accurate. Cost overruns today are the rule, and many knotty technological problems remain to be solved before the shuttle gets off the ground. In a recent report the General Accounting Office pointed out that new projects result in an average overrun of 40 per cent.

Beyond Technical Competence

But just as NASA had turned back congressional challenges to the practical uses of the project on the grounds that it would at least save money, the agency countered the GAO by saying that money was not the most important thing about the shuttle. NASA has dismissed other criticism in similar fashion. Since the purposes of the shuttle are left so vague and diverse, NASA can turn on its critics as not having the broad competence to evaluate them, or it can merely pronounce that critics are wrong. When the National Academy of Sciences reported that the shuttle concept was "too vaguely defined with respect to cost and engineering to permit a realistic assessment," NASA attacked the findings as "erroneous" and out of date.

Scientists, including Professor James Van Allen, who discovered the radiation belt, Thomas Gold, director of Cornell's Radiophysics and Space Research Center, Brian O'Leary, an assistant professor of astronomy at Cornell and former scientist-astronaut, have all questioned the program. The objections of scientists like these have been simply brushed off by NASA as "beyond the technical competency" of the individuals.

When the Air Force's favorite study group, the RAND Corporation, looked at the shuttle and announced that it would have to be justified on some basis other than cost, because it was not a cost-effective item, NASA and the Air Force disowned the study as outdated. When a 1971 analysis by the Federation of American Scientists found the program of questionable value, NASA simply ignored the findings.

Scientific debates, however, are largely irrelevant to NASA and the work of its 228 media experts who get out the changing space message. You don't see any of the PR people coming on the screen when NASA is congratulating all its employees who help launch the rockets, track the astronauts, and make space exploration possible. NASA doesn't introduce its poster layout man along with its rocket-fuel specialist—but the PR people have done the job of insuring NASA's actual survival on their $2-million-a-year public relations budget—supplemented by $3.4 million for educational activities. NASA has put out a torrent of booklets and pamphlets on the space shuttle. For general readership, it published *For All Mankind—Space Progress to the Year 2000*, prepared by former NASA administrator Dr. R. O. Paine (now a vice president of General Electric). Paine opens the first chapter with "Three score and seven years ago, the Wright brothers' crude bi-plane," and by the next paragraph he has the reader face to face with the shuttle: "the DC-3 of space."

The agency does not hesitate to explain itself, especially to future voters. A high school student's recent request for information elicited a voluminous bundle of publications weighing two-and-a-half pounds. Not all the publications had a price tag, but those that did totaled $3.70. The packet included:

- Four thick press releases entitled "Space Benefits—Today and Tomorrow," "Space Technology—What's in it for You?" "Space Benefits: Safety," and NASA's annual report to Congress.
- A clutch of 8 x 10 color prints on hard, glossy stock, suitable for framing, depicting a variety of astronauts postured in dramatic poses, lunar vehicles at work, orbital photography and, of course, the "one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind" saying.
- Apollo mission emblems, which sell for 50 cents apiece through the Government Printing Office.
- Two posters depicting NASA's forthcoming Sky Lab program.
- A 28-page, glossy booklet, entitled "Satellites at Work," illustrated with photographs and schematic drawings.
- A 20-page brochure called "This is NASA," which contains 10 paintings by artists like Paul Kalle and James Wyeth.

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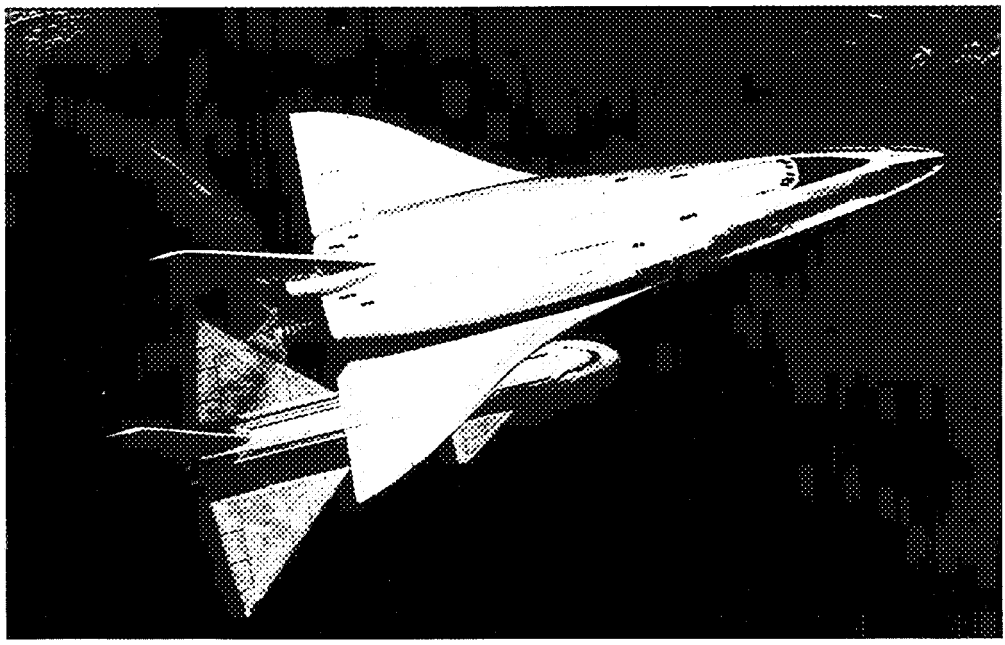

It is hard to decide whether all this propaganda works, because NASA is not willing to take the risk that it might not. For all its justified faith in public relations, the agency sometimes makes sure of the result beforehand by manufacturing not only the message, but also the people who are supposed to be taken in by it.

For instance, when the space shuttle was debated on the NET program *The Advocates*, NASA sent along a back-up team of eight Washington experts and primed them with the latest sales pitch. During the actual taping in Los Angeles, NASA agents packed the house with employees from the local NASA contractor, Jet Propulsion Laboratory. Later, an *Advocates* spokesman, commenting on the overwhelming support of 16,000 listener votes for the shuttle, said the program drew the second-highest response in *The Advocates* history (usually viewer response runs under 5,000 votes for both sides of any debate.) The NASA-inspired ballots, he said, were products of an organized effort to promote the shuttle. Jack Anderson reported that General Electric, for one, circulated a flyer to its employees urging them to vote for the shuttle in *The Advocates* poll.

The press, normally skeptical of government's efforts to sell itself, responds to the NASA barrage about the same way as the pre-arranged supporters responded to *The Advocates* poll. NASA invests an extraordinary amount of taxpayer dollars in providing the press with color pictures, movies, luncheons, trips to launches, handshakes with astronauts, and even strawberry cubes uneaten by the Apollo team, encased in lucite. The payoff is that the open press goes along with few questions asked. For example, the Washington outlet for the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, the now-defunct *Washington Daily News*, recently published a space shuttle supplement fat with space company advertisements and filled with praise for the shuttle. Not a question or objection was raised.

A Matter of Timing

What NASA's middle-echelon people do for the public and the press, its top people do for Congress. Prior to the vote on this year's authorization bill, members of NASA's congressional liaison group fanned out through the corridors of congressional office buildings, clutching packets of material for some members of the Senate committee and other selected congressmen who could be counted on to come through for NASA. These packets contained speeches, fact sheets, and careful rebuttals to any arguments that might arise on the House floor in a last-minute attempt to kill or delay the shuttle.

NASA's real forte with Congress is timing. It managed to have the authorization bill for the 1973 space program debated and

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voted on in the House while the Apollo 16 astronauts were still on the moon. House members listening to the debate were treated to sporadic accounts of the moon landing, and also to a number of up-to-date reports—conveyed by NASA—on the well-being of the astronauts, who were then experiencing troubles with their spacecraft.

The agency even got the astronauts to send Congress a congratulatory message before they left the moon. There was this interchange between the astronauts and ground control:

CAP COM: This looks like a good time for some good news here. The House passed, space budget gets the 277 to 60, which includes the votes for the shuttle.

YOUNG: Beautiful, beautiful.

DUKE: Now. Wonderful, wonderful. Tony, again, I'll say it, with that salute, I'm proud to be an American. I'll tell you—what a program and what a place and what an experience.

CAP COM: So am I.

YOUNG: Man, I'll say it, too. The country needs that shuttle mighty bad. You'll see.

With all that going on, it is amazing that there were as many as 60 votes in opposition.

Just as NASA's men were out in space for the first vote, they were back to address Congress moments before the House was scheduled to give its final approval. The space appropriations bill then passed handily. Earlier that day, the astronauts had showed a select group of congressmen color movies and slides of their recent trip, and after the presentation, the Apollo crew stood around and shook hands with legislators and their staffs in a House reception room.

That kind of pressure becomes more and more necessary as NASA wiggles toward survival, smokes out its critics, and mysteriously shuffles all its indispensable needs. This year NASA arbitrarily dropped a number of programs, an abrupt shift that dismayed many of its friends in Congress. Very simply, NASA felt that future funds should be funneled into the shuttle. Such administrative twists have been pulled by NASA before, but this kind of maneuver is not without hazard. For example, *The New York Times* reported that Senator John Pastore, chairman of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, was angry after the abrupt cancellation of the NERVA nuclear rocket: "This committee was told time and time again that it [NERVA] was an essential program. We've spent $1.4 billion... then we willy-nilly... abandon the program." A prudent silence was NASA's only response.

There is little doubt that the space shuttle will be built. And it is almost equally certain that costs will far exceed both NASA's estimates and what most congressmen think it will cost. Thus, Congress will find that it has unwittingly bought a $30-billion or $40-billion program that will make it just that much harder over the next dozen years to shift domestic priorities.

Part of the reason that NASA gets what it wants from Congress is the special appeal of its celestial missions and its earthly junkets. In July, 1969, Congress was toying with the idea of cancelling several meetings so that NASA could take all 435 members of the House to Cape Kennedy to view an Apollo mission. Cost-conscious Rep. H. R. Gross put a stop to the visit, but hundreds of congressmen and their families have been feted by NASA on innumerable "inspection visits." Nobody seems to know what part of the space budget the money comes from.

But there is a more important reason for congressional support—politicians' special weakness for the jobs argument. New jobs turn into votes, and few industries are in worse shape than aerospace. It was recently reported that contracts and subcontracts for the shuttle are spread out among 48 states. The creation of jobs should be a very important function of the federal government. But the question that is almost never asked is: Can this money be spent on a more useful project which will also result in the creation of more jobs? NASA can successfully argue that the shuttle will create 200,000 man-year jobs, even though space spending is one of the most capital-intensive areas of all. No one thinks to point out that $1 billion spent in housing, for example, creates 66,000 more jobs than $1 billion of space spending.

There is nothing unusual about the way NASA sells its programs to the public and to Congress. Every government agency tries to do the same. It just happens that NASA pushes its programs particularly effectively. It is Congress' job not only to control the agency's overzealous selling to the public, but also to make sure it isn't taken in by the agency's own puffery.

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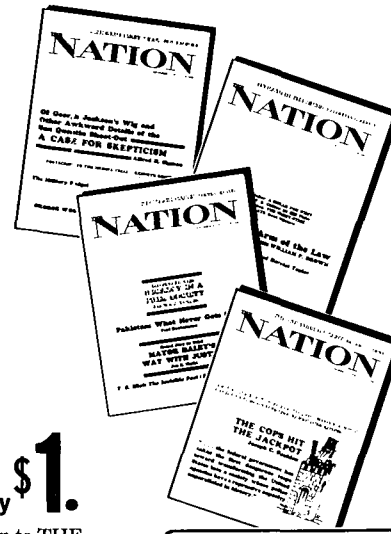

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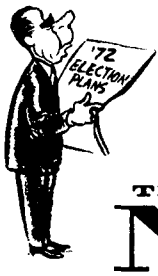

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The FBI's Big Brother Computer

by Michael Sorkin

The FBI has taken over where the Army's spying on civilians left off. While the Army was supposedly destroying its files on the grounds that domestic affairs are no concern of the military, the FBI began to compile the largest single depository of information ever gathered about U. S. citizens by their government.

Critics of the military data banks never got around to the issue of whether any government agency has the right to remember what citizens have done, and the FBI is putting together its computer system with almost no opposition, no publicity, and no specific Congressional approval. In 1967 a proposal to gather the files of federal agencies into a national data bank caused such a fuss that Congress abandoned it. But the FBI has bypassed Congress and is building its computer network—to be fed from all 50 states through 40,000 federal, state, and local agencies—by executive fiat.

Under the FBI's system, every time an individual has any contact with the law, his name and the details of the incident will be placed into the computer. Literally millions of Americans will have criminal files even though they have never been arrested or convicted of a crime. There is no requirement that the computer show whether a person has been indicted or tried, or if he was, whether he was found guilty or innocent. And when the data bank is in full operation, it will be a relatively easy matter for credit companies and other businesses to buy much of the information for use as they see fit.

The network will function through separate computer centers set up by each state, where all criminal records will be stored and also transmitted to the FBI for a filing in the National Crime Information Center (NCIC). All 50 states will be able to "talk" to each other through the FBI master computer. In addition, every major municipal police department in the country will be hooked into the network, either with its own computer or a less expensive teletype operation. There are already 135 local and state police agencies that are using or will soon be using the memory links to the FBI. Before long, 75 per cent of the nation's police agencies will be plugged in, and by 1975 the figure should rise to 95 per cent.

The entire network has been set up through a remarkable series of Alphonse and

Michael Sorkin is an investigative reporter for the Des Moines Register.

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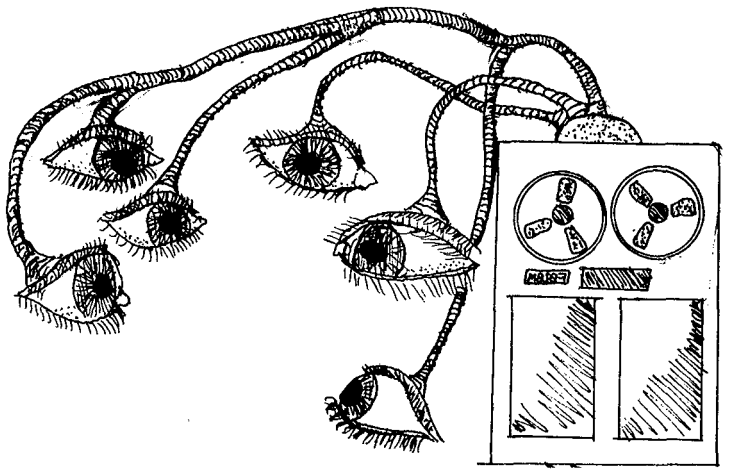

Gaston acts between the various states and the FBI apparatus. In less than five years, the computer system has evolved into something that the early proponents said it would never be, with hardly anybody noting the discrepancies.

Instant Crime Control

"Instant crime control in your town," is the way J. Edgar Hoover billed the FBI system—then in its infancy—in 1966. Hoover wrote: "What will the center mean to the average, law-abiding citizen? It will mean many things, all of them good. More importantly, it will mean no intrusion whatsoever upon the right to privacy. The NCIC will have no other purpose than to bring criminals to justice—persons who have violated federal statutes or against whom there is a felony warrant outstanding, and whom the state is willing to extradite. The NCIC will guarantee the security of information in its files against access or removal by unauthorized persons. Importantly," continued Hoover, "nobody can misuse the NCIC data banks to embarrass you with some ancient traffic violation or tidbit of personal credit. No such information will be stored there."

At the constitutional rights subcommittee hearings conducted last year on Army spying by Senator Sam Ervin, these promises were reiterated. As explained to Ervin's subcommittee, the FBI computers would merely index—like a telephone directory—the names of persons who had committed serious crimes. The proponents of the FBI plan also promised Ervin that the complete records of each individual would remain in the hands of state agencies, in order to avoid the creation of a federally based intelligence operation. The FBI was to be merely a clearinghouse for the transfer of information among the states.

Since these promises were made, a number of significant developments has occurred. First, the FBI quietly assumed full control over the entire national data system, then greatly expanded the computer bank's potential, and finally shelved the original proposals for privacy and security. The trade newspaper *Computerworld* described the FBI's takeover of the 50-state computer system as "grafting an elephant onto a flea."

With this accomplished, Hoover and Attorney General John Mitchell decided that the "raw" materials in the FBI's electronic dossiers would not be evaluated for accur-

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acy. This means that information of questionable reliability or legality, gathered from sources such as wiretaps and paid informers, will be readily available to the nation's lawmen.

A Hazardless Network

The money tree for the police computer network was the Safe Streets Act of 1968, a result of the panic after Watts, Newark, and Detroit. The act created the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA), within the Justice Department, which the Nixon Administration has adopted as the bulwark of its "war on crime" and forerunner of revenue sharing with states. After spending $1.5 billion to buy guns, munitions, helicopters, and even tanks for the nation's policemen, the LEAA began a high-powered effort to construct the police computer centers. No authoritative figures are yet available on how much LEAA has spent so far, but $75 million is a reasonable estimate.

The first step LEAA took was to fund project SEARCH (an acronym for System for Electronic Analysis and Retrieval of Criminal Histories), which developed pilot computer programs in six cities, and eventually spread into 20 states. From their experience in the selected areas, the SEARCH people proposed strict safeguards on how computerized criminal data should be used.

- Access to the data banks would be granted only to police, court, and correctional officials. All other government agencies, as well as private persons, would be barred.
- At the national level, only names would be recorded or "indexed." Inquiring policemen would be referred to the state computers for the complete dossiers.
- Individuals would be permitted by law to inspect their own files, and provisions would be made to correct erroneous information and to purge outdated data.
- The record would be required to show whether an individual was found guilty or innocent after his arrest.
- The system would not include intelligence data, such as surveillance of political dissidents or unsubstantiated reports from informers.

The SEARCH people felt that these guidelines would produce a data network that was "limited and relatively hazardless," thus protecting the individual, but at the same time would provide swift information to a policeman who needed to know whether the driver of a suspicious car had a dangerous criminal record.

After making these suggestions, SEARCH fell quickly out of favor with the Administration and the FBI, whose director had made repeated assurances that individual privacy would be well-protected inside the computer bank. The FBI labeled the safeguards "very questionable." Reacting to the SEARCH proposals, Jerome J. Daunt, then head of the FBI's NCIC system, wrote: "There can be no absolute right to individual privacy in a society." Daunt said he disliked the recommendations so much he even objected to their being published.

After taking over the data bank system, the FBI abandoned all but one of the SEARCH recommendations, the one that would require criminal data to be stored in computers dedicated solely to criminal work. Later the FBI eliminated even this safeguard, and as the plan now stands, criminal records will be mixed with such things as tax and credit data in computers not confined to criminal work.

The Computer Coup

Instead of opposing the FBI's rejection of all these guidelines, Congress helped it along with a little-noticed amendment to the Organized Crime Act of 1970 which authorized the FBI to keep centralized criminal records. This was a blow to SEARCH supporters. But the real end to the safeguards came in December, 1970, when Attorney General Mitchell, in a secret internal directive, transferred control of the intelligence network from its parent LEAA to the FBI. LEAA's spiraling budget continued to fund the project, but now the FBI was calling the shots. While Mitchell never gave any public reason for the changeover, it is suspected that he wanted the intelligence system to have fewer external controls than LEAA's administrators would permit. Mitchell believed that the nation's security was more endangered from within than without. "I don't see how we can separate the two [U. S. and foreign radicals]," Mitchell said. "But if it were possible, I would say that experience has shown greater danger from the so-called domestic variety."

Senator Charles Mathias, one of the few in Congress to express any awareness of the FBI takeover, called it the "raw materials of tyranny." Mathias said the moves "add up to a quantum jump toward a national criminal justice data bank—a leap taken without full public knowledge or specific congressional authorization. It will probably be touted as a

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great advance for law enforcement."

Congress took only one timid step toward at least finding out what the data bank would contain, but later looked the other way when its requests for information were ignored by the Justice Department. A 1970 amendment to the Safe Streets Act required the Administration to supply a report of its activities in law enforcement computers by the summer of 1971. LEAA actually compiled the document, but Congress has never been provided a copy. The study warned that major threats to privacy accompany the FBI's growing intelligence network, and it showed that half of the 108 computer projects then in existence involved collecting data on *potential* troublemakers, like war protesters. The LEAA report recommended legislation to curb the use of such information.

The report didn't sit well with either the FBI or Mitchell. In an interview with Newhouse News Service, Mitchell claimed the Justice Department has a virtually unchecked right—not subject to the Constitution—to keep records on persons who are "violence prone" in their protests of government policies. That right, Mitchell asserted, comes from the inherent powers of the federal government "to protect the internal security of the nation. We feel that's our job." This was the same rationale Mitchell had used the previous year when he said the government had unlimited powers to eavesdrop on people the Justice Department thinks are seeking to "attack and subvert the government by unlawful means."

Big Daddy or Big Brother?

Meanwhile, the FBI was insuring the freedom of the computer from any regulation at all by flopping back and forth on both sides of the state vs. federal control debate. The FBI got all the states' data into its central computer on the grounds that only a federal agency would be able to supervise, protect, and keep the system under uniform control. Then it abandoned any chance for safeguards at all by deferring to the states, many of whom were already flooding their computers with the wildest imaginable data. The result is the worst of both worlds—the anarchy of the state system, where each locality decides how much and what kind of information to feed in, plus the power of a centralized one, where all the information, regardless of its validity or legality, is pumped into Washington.

The FBI ended up deferring to the states the question of whether the computers should be used solely to store law enforcement information. J. Edgar Hoover supported that idea, but the states generally opposed it, largely on economic grounds. They said it would be inefficient to divide up the public memory when each state could easily put all its data in the crime bank. An organization called NASIS (National Association of State Information Systems) became a lobby for this point of view.

On March 30, 1971, Daniel B. Magraw, then NASIS president, made his organization's position known to the FBI. "Notwithstanding the 'big daddy' problem," Magraw wrote, "we believe that we must build comprehensive information systems so that government can better legislate, plan, and administer to assure the survival of our society."

Magraw reiterated to Mitchell his complaint concerning the FBI rule that computers be dedicated solely to police work. If the FBI is really serious about restrictions on state computer use, he said, NASIS states don't want any part of it.

Back came a memo from Hoover saying that yes, indeed, the FBI was serious. "I assure you that the security and confidentiality recommendations are not simply

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desirable guidelines," the FBI chief told Magraw. But Hoover was not to have the last word, because Mitchell, Hoover's boss, sensed that if the states got into a funk over the matter, the entire coast-to-coast intelligence network would be jeopardized. Less than a month after the Hoover letter, Mitchell dashed off a soothing dispatch of his own to Magraw. "I regret the apparent misunderstanding," Mitchell told him. He said separate crime computers would not be required and that Hoover supported this new position.

According to Donald Roderick, Daunt's successor as head of NCIC, the FBI will now permit each state to set its own rules and to run its computer as it sees fit. The only requirement is that "control" of the computer be in the hands of a criminal justice agency, such as the state police. Nevertheless, many states apparently are unwilling to comply with even this restriction. In June, Roderick says, he called a meeting of state officials to find out how many were following the FBI directive. Although a number of states openly say that they are not complying, Roderick refuses to disclose the results of that meeting.

Stuffing the Data Bank

With the FBI shift to a laissez-faire policy on safeguards, the states are free to develop their own systems. Kansas City, for example, is feeding its computer the names of area dignitaries such as councilmen, judges, and other municipal leaders; parolees; adults and juveniles with arrest records; people with a history of mental disturbances (would Thomas Eagleton have been listed?) or who have confronted or opposed law enforcement personnel in the performance of their duties; college students known to have participated in disturbances; suspects in shoplifting cases; and people with outstanding parking ticket warrants. This is a far cry from the original SEARCH proposal that "the recording of data about an individual should be initiated only upon the report of a crime and the commencement of criminal justice system proceedings."

New York State's information system has taken on the aspects of a private credit bureau. When the program was established in 1964, its director, Dr. Robert Gallati, stated that its files would never be made available for private employment checks. Five years later, however, the legislature adopted a law requiring the fingerprinting of all employees of the securities industry. The businesses pay $5 per inquiry to have the state inspect data on their employees. Of the first 20,000 persons fingerprinted, 361 were found to have been arrested, and 54 lost their jobs. About half of those 361 had never been convicted of any crime, according to the American Civil Liberties Union, which is contesting the New York law and has instituted about 50 lawsuits around the country.

The Lenexa, Kansas, police department has used its computer terminals for the benefit of local apartment owners wanting to check on prospective tenants, and in Cincinnati, Ohio, an $8-million computer center will house not only police and court records, but also the amount of each citizen's water bill.

Maryland's computer network will link police department dossiers with records kept by state health and education agencies and "other interested departments and agencies." The District of Columbia's computer already is programmed to include a "Prisoner Control System" for information taken at "mass field arrests and civil disturbances."

Iowa is proceeding with plans to house criminal intelligence files in the state's main computers—the same computers also hold tax return forms. The only security precautions are vague plans to keep "unauthorized" persons from receiving proscribed information. Iowa's system will also connect with the state's Revenue Department, the Highway Commission, county treasurers and county recorders (notorious for being highly active in local politics), the Commerce Commission, the Department of Public Instruction, the Conservation Commission, the Department of Social Services (which keeps welfare records), and others.

Where SEARCH had sought to limit its information to lawmen alone, Iowa is considering making its information available to anyone willing to pay for it. "Anyone who wants it ought to be able to get it," declares Terry Swanson, director of the Iowa computer. Swanson was asked if an auto dealer, for example, could purchase the names and addresses of everybody with driver's licenses in order to send out advertising. "It could be provided," he answered, "including information on what kind of cars they drive."

Asked what security safeguards have been provided to ensure privacy, Swanson responded: "The [computer] management group considered the issue of security and privacy of such importance that they were unwilling to consider the issue except at the highest level, in broadest policy terms, until the system design was firm enough for

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effective operational procedures to protect security and privacy to be developed." In other words, there are no specific safeguards.

Furthering the Anarchy

The Administration has not acted to control any of these runaway computer systems, and apparently doesn't want to. Meanwhile, the Justice Department has introduced legislation, through Senator Roman Hruska, that would give belated approval to what it is already doing by allowing the federal government to collect data through the states. Hruska's legislation furthers the anarchy by vesting the responsibility for the accuracy and security of information in the states (an official who abuses computer data in "good faith" is protected from any penalty under the bill) while giving the widest power to disseminate the data to the Attorney General. He is authorized to give all the information—erroneous, unconstitutional or otherwise—to other federal agencies, foreign governments, financial institutions, or to any business, professional, or labor organization that is "fulfilling a vital public need," or protecting "other vital public interests."

Even if the FBI were given more control over what each state puts into its criminal computer—and therefore, what ultimately makes its way into the national files—that agency has never shown much discretion in using the data it already possesses. Take the case of a Los Angeles man, Dale Menard. At 19, Menard was held for two days on "suspicion of burglary," but was never convicted, indicted, or even charged. Menard later tried—unsuccessfully—to have his record expunged from the Los Angeles Police Department and the FBI. He finally resorted to a lawsuit, charging, among other things, that his chances for employment were being jeopardized by the FBI's policy of distributing arrest records to any agency that contributes identification records to the Bureau.

U. S. District Court Judge Gerhard A. Gesell ruled in June, 1971, that the FBI must stop distributing material from its files to anyone outside the federal government, except for law enforcement purposes. This was nothing more than the original proposal SEARCH had recommended, but which the FBI had never adopted. "With the increasing availability of fingerprints, technological developments, and the enormous increase in population," Judge Gesell said, "the [FBI identification] system is out of effective control." Gesell also warned that the "overwhelming power of the federal government to expose must be held in check." And he called on Congress to set a national policy governing FBI records with "adequate sanctions and administrative safeguards."

The key to Gesell's ruling was that the FBI had no legal authority to give its records to private persons. Senator Ervin says the ruling persuaded the FBI to discontinue its unauthorized distribution of records for employment purposes. Such distribution was resumed six months later, however, when President Nixon approved the Justice Department's appropriation bill, which permitted the FBI to send its records to federally chartered or insured banks and other institutions—on approval of the Attorney General. In testimony last March, Justice Department officials said the FBI routinely turned over information to various corporations. Further, big defense contractors such as Lockheed Aircraft, can secure the same records through the Department of Defense. The appropriations act expired in July, and it is not known whether Congress will continue to permit the FBI to hand its files over to those outside the government.

The potential harm that release of police information to employers and corporations can cause is increased by the fact that the FBI's intelligence network can record arrests without noting whether the individual was actually charged or found guilty. An FBI official told a House subcommittee that the Bureau's arrest files show only that a person was picked up by a police agency. The disposition of the case would be shown only if the agency supplied an optional follow-up, and a great many states do not compile such information.

This omission creates a system guaranteed to keep many persons out of work. A recent study of New York area employment agencies, for example, indicated that 75 per cent would not accept an applicant with an arrest record even though there had never been a conviction.

Your File Is Their File

Even if the computer data network were limited to actual arrests, the odds are about one in four that information on you will be in the computer. An estimated 50 million Americans now have arrest records of some sort. The probability of a black urban male being arrested at least once during his lifetime has been estimated to be

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as high as 90 per cent. For white urban males the figure is 60 per cent, and for all males it is 47 per cent, according to the 1967 President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice.

If you don't happen to end up in the crime computer, there is a growing chance that you will make it into one of the many other data banks being set up in Washington. While Congress refused to pass legislation creating a national data pool, an informal version is already being established by the fact that these computers will be able to interface, or trade information with each other. A Senate subcommittee has found that federal investigators already have access to 264 million police records, 323 million medical histories, 279 million psychiatric reports, and 100 million credit files, and such records are now being stored in several places.

● The Secret Service has created a computerized data bank to protect high government officials from harm and federal buildings from damage. The files include "information on professional gate-crashers; information regarding civil disturbances; information regarding anti-American or anti-U. S. government demonstrations in the United States or overseas; information on persons who insist upon personally contacting high government officials for the purpose of redress of imaginary grievances, and so forth."

● The U. S. Civil Service Commission maintains a "subversive activities" data bank of over two million cards in electronically powered rotary cabinets.

● The Justice Department has a computerized file on 14,000 Americans, including elected public officials and political moderates thought to condone civil disobedience.

● The Department of Housing and Urban Development is considering automating a data bank of more than 300,000 files covering individuals or firms which were the subject of, or mentioned prominently in, any housing investigations dating from 1954 to the present.

● The National Science Foundation has a data bank on scientists.

● The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has set up a file on migrant children to facilitate the transfer of school records.

● The new, so-called "Bank Secrecy Act" requires banks to microfilm the front and back of each check written by every customer and to store the records for five years in case government investigators want to look at them. The act also requires banks to record the Social Security number of each customer. The Treasury Department is allowed to share this information with other agencies, such as the FBI. In June, a federal judge in San Francisco temporarily barred the government from requiring banks to disclose this information, pending a ruling on whether such disclosures are constitutional.

● President Nixon's proposal to revamp the welfare system will require detailed records on five to 20 million of the nation's poor, that of necessity will have to be computerized at the federal level. The records will contain extensive economic, social, and personal information, constituting virtually a complete dossier of each individual's existence.

● There are the massive Internal Revenue Service computer files, which are supposed to be confidential. But they are open to inspection by the heads of federal agencies, some congressional committees, a special counsel to the President, and state governors. The IRS also is expanding to monitor the computers of 1,000 business firms.

Krueger Could Be You

All the talk of the potential threat posed by the FBI and other computer banks usually seems a little abstract, dramatized, and overplayed—except for people like Gregory Krueger. Moments after the 19-year-old student was stopped by an Iowa policeman on a recent speeding charge, he was confronted by two other officers, menacingly waving their pistols. If Krueger had panicked and run, he might well have been shot for a crime that never occurred.

After the first officer stopped him, Krueger's name was sent by teletype for a routine check to the National Crime Information Center. Moments later, the computer printed out the message that Krueger had an FBI identification number—meaning only that at some time a police agency somewhere had sent his name to the FBI file. But the local police mistakenly assumed that since Krueger's name was in the computer, he must have been a wanted felon. With that erroneous information in hand, the lawmen took him into custody and whisked him to headquarters. What happened to Gregory Krueger is going to be recurring in different forms from now on. ■

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MEMO of the Month

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
ALBANY, NEW YORK 12224

January 4, 1971

TO: All Professional Staff

FROM: Gerald L. Freeborne,
Office of Long Range Planning

SUBJECT: Invitation for Inputs
N.B. See request within the box at end of this memo

Established over a year ago, the ITE Task Force Committee has recently been charged by The Instructional Technology Subcommittee of the ESC Planning Council with the responsibility for the preparation of the Department-wide Program Analysis and Review (PAR) Paper and the Position Paper (PP) on the application of technology to the improvement of learning.

PAR papers in general are to be the embodiment of guidelines and plans of the Department for meeting emerging statewide educational needs. It is anticipated that these PAR papers will provide a rational basis for establishing valid and effective criteria for allocating the resources of the Department to meeting these needs in an appropriate, logical priority order.

The Position Papers are to be the policy declaration statements of the Board of Regents derived from PAR papers.

The whole process is designed to provide an effective integrated package of program development, policy declaration and budgetary implementation.

In contrast with the PAR and Position Papers which have been developed in the past, the ITE Task Force Committee has the enormous task of developing a Department-wide attack on the application of computer and non-computer technology to the improvement of learning.

Since many units of the Department have a concern in the application of technology area, the ITE Task Force Committee has been systematically interviewing personnel from various units of the Department judged to have a concern and/or expertise in the technology area. The purpose of the interviews has been to assess the current efforts of the various units of the Department in this area so that the ITE Task Force Committee would have the information it needs in order to prepare the PAR and Position Papers.

At this time, however, the Committee wants to make sure that no appropriate input from any other unit of the Department is overlooked.

The Committee is also concerned that its Writing Team receive these inputs in early January 1971. During the entire month of January 1971, the writing team will be spending its full time in developing the PAR and Position Papers. Under the tight time constraints of producing the draft of the papers by the end of January, it will be necessary to have any additional inputs from other units of the Department by no later than January 15, and earlier if possible.

If you have comments, suggestions or recommendations to make concerning the application of technology to improving learning, please forward your memoranda and any available appropriate resource material directly to:

Roger W. Ming, Executive Secretary
ITE Task Force Committee
Room 310, Main Building
Phone: 4-4345

Please do so by January 15, 1971 and earlier if possible.

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Why Lowenstein Lost: Ethnics, Crooks, and Carpetbaggers

by Lanny J. Davis

For all its new politics, the Democratic Party seems obsessed with its old coalition, with how to win back the housewife from Dayton, how to woo Archie Bunker and the rest of the white ethnics left on the assembly line of the dying political machines. So far, the controversy has revolved mainly around tactics, with the regulars saying that you have to coddle the George Meanys and Mayor Daleys to get the white ethnic vote, and the reformers believing that you can by-pass power brokers and gain direct support through media, charisma and massive volunteer efforts, as Robert Kennedy did in Indiana in 1968, and George McGovern did in some of the primaries.

The struggle for direction and control of the Democratic Party has left two important and unanswered questions. The first is whether liberal candidates ought to try for blue-collar support, or instead write off Middle America and concentrate on strengthening the coalition of young people, women, the elite, and the minorities. The second is whether national candidates like McGovern can win the allegiance of white ethnic voters in a way that also brings changes in attitudes and shifts in power at the local level. Is it worth making Archie Bunker a reluctant member of the liberal-minorities-labor front without affecting what he thinks, or the way his neighborhood is run?

Liberal-activist Allard Lowenstein faced both of these questions when he planned his Brooklyn congressional race against conservative Representative John J. Rooney. If he had abandoned the white ethnics and concentrated on the liberal vote, Lowenstein probably would have won the Democratic nomination. Instead, he tried to directly challenge the local power structure and value system. His experience offers important insights into the difficulties that other liberal candidates who choose that course can expect. It also suggests possible alternative strategies that might produce both white ethnic votes and grassroots political changes.

Other than humanity, it is hard to find much common ground between Lowenstein and Rooney. Lowenstein had gained national fame for his leadership of the Dump Johnson movement in 1967 and his one-man mobilization of the nation's colleges against

Lanny Davis was Allard Lowenstein's campaign coordinator. He is now practicing law in Washington.

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the Vietnam war. In 1968 he moved to Long Island and was elected to Congress from the Fifth Congressional District. But, after a Republican-controlled gerrymander which added Republican conservatives and subtracted liberal Democrats, in 1970 he lost to Norman Lent by less than 10,000 votes. Since then, he has been elected chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) and has organized the most effective registration drive undertaken since 18-year-olds received the vote.

Rooney, 74 years old, is a 28-year incumbent. As chairman of a House appropriations subcommittee, he has blocked funds for progressive programs of all kinds. But whenever his close friend J. Edgar Hoover put in a money request, it was granted automatically. Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark has called Rooney one of the greatest "blights" on the Justice Department in history. Rooney, however, shrugs off such criticism ("one of those liberal 'boids' flyin' around again," he says), just as he dismissed the Lowenstein candidacy ("Mr. Low-Esteem," he would call his opponent) as "a boid who flies from Manhattan to run in Long Beach and then, when the voters reject him there, flies to Brooklyn to run against me."

Like the two candidates, the various neighborhoods to which Rooney and Lowenstein would appeal for votes did not seem to belong in the same place at the same time. It is hardly an exaggeration to compare a drive through Brooklyn's 14th District to a drive through a series of European city-states. From neighborhood to neighborhood—in many instances, from block to block—the scenery changes, languages change, religions change, race changes, cultures change. There is Italian, working-class, conservative Carroll Gardens and Jewish-WASP, radical-chic Brooklyn Heights; Puerto Rican Williamsburg and conservative, Hassidic Jewish Williamsburg; Polish-German-Catholic Greenpoint and black Fort Greene; Italian Bushwick and black, or Puerto Rican Bushwick.

The line-up is similar to other urban centers in the country: on one side the blue-collar enclaves, left behind in the wake of the white middle-class flight to the suburbs, tightly knit, suspicious of outsiders, insecure about the future, loyal to the old-line political machine which has served them two or three generations; versus growing numbers of blacks and Puerto Ricans,

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living in poverty and politically powerless but, bolstered by white liberal-reformers who live in comfortable neighborhoods nearby, beginning to organize.

Revolt of the Crumb-Eaters

In 1970, a young, white attorney, Peter Eikenberry, who had been active in the local reform movement, challenged Rooney for the Democratic congressional nomination and came within 1,500 votes of defeating him, even though there was some dissension in the reform ranks during the campaign. The voting patterns in the Eikenberry-Rooney contest highlighted the stark political divisions of the district. The white ethnic neighborhoods voted heavily for Rooney. The liberals, blacks, and Puerto Ricans gave large majorities to Eikenberry, but the turn-out in many neighborhoods was light.

When Lowenstein launched his primary campaign in the spring of 1972, he wondered whether he could win in a way which would not exacerbate the divisions or, more accurately, which would re-draw the lines—not between whites and blacks, liberals and conservatives, but between those who were fighting over crumbs and those who owned the cake.

Most of Lowenstein's advisers urged him to concentrate in the areas where he could expect the most support—where Eikenberry had run strongest in 1970 but where the turn-out was lightest (primarily the black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods). These areas, they urged, should receive the highest priority for personal campaigning, local organization, literature distribution, and financial resources. They feared that any great effort in the ethnic neighborhoods would stir up the Regulars to turn out a larger Rooney vote—as well as drain away resources from Lowenstein strongholds.

But Lowenstein insisted that he could win both the liberals and the white ethnics in the same campaign. To do so, he decided to use new politics techniques to reach old politics voters, techniques like the massive use of student volunteers, many of whom came from outside the district. More than 300 students from 30 states ultimately arrived in Brooklyn to work for Lowenstein—ranging from Juneau, Alaska, and Houston to Shawnee, Kansas, Washington, D. C., and Boston. Lowenstein staff meetings always began with the ritual of each person in the room identifying himself and where he was from. There were so many outsiders that when a volunteer introduced himself one night as being "from right here in the 14th Congressional District of Brooklyn," he got a standing ovation.

Lowenstein's involvement with national issues, as well as his close personal relationships with liberal and civil rights leaders across the country, led to a dizzying array of famous national political figures arriving in Brooklyn to campaign for him. These included Mrs. Martin Luther King; Aaron Henry, the black chairman of the Mississippi Democratic Party; Governor John Gilligan; former Yankee pitcher Jim Bouton; Congressman Ron Dellums; Jose Torres, former boxing champion and newspaper columnist; Congressman Herman Badillo; and Kathleen Kennedy, daughter of Robert Kennedy.

Hemingway in Brooklyn

One Sunday, Jose Torres was campaigning in the Puerto Rican neighborhoods, Mrs. King in the black neighborhoods, and Jim Bouton in the white ethnic areas. Then, in late morning, Congressman Paul McCloskey walked in, fresh from his own primary victory in California. He was with a group of people and said, "We want to canvass for Al." He was given a stack of canvass cards and off he went.

The voters in what was nominally a local election might have wondered if Lowenstein was running for Congress, for governor of Alabama, or for the New York Mets. In turn, the Lowenstein campaign workers could speculate whether they were fighting Rooney, the Greek generals, or the Spanish Civil War. One of the community strategy meetings turned into a reenactment of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* when an old Franco-fighter named Carlos Zayas, who had been in and out of jail since the fascist triumph and was periodically aided by Lowenstein, discovered that another old Franco-fighter, a member of the Abe Lincoln brigade, was in the same room. Reunited in Brooklyn, the two factions of the old Spanish underground came to the center of the room and embraced while 250 Lowenstein supporters cheered in the background.

All of these aspects of the Lowenstein campaign, in which he and his staff gloried—the national new politics happening; the famous celebrities; the clannish esprit of the volunteers who had come in from far places—were fine if Lowenstein was content with waging a classic new versus old, liberal versus conservative campaign. But he was not.

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His insistence on also winning white ethnic voters produced a strategic schizophrenia which was difficult to resolve. It was probable that the Poles in Greenpoint and the Italians in Carroll Gardens would hardly be impressed by the appearances of Mrs. King in black neighborhoods or Jose Torres among Puerto Ricans or even Kathleen Kennedy, whose father many of them greatly admired. In fact, they would be reminded by the appearance of these visitors that Lowenstein was more concerned about national issues than their own day-to-day problems. This was also the effect of the hundreds of young people from distant places who canvassed in the neighborhoods.

Lowenstein tried to turn the outsider issue to his advantage by emphasizing Rooney's absence from the district for most of the 28 years he had been in Congress. For the first 26 years (until Eikenberry's primary challenge in 1970), Rooney had no local office and rarely came back to Brooklyn. Thus, Lowenstein would say, with some seriousness, "I've spent more time on the streets of this district during the last 30 days than John Rooney has during the last 30 years."

However, these arguments had little force in the white ethnic neighborhoods. Rooney's literature stressed simply that Lowenstein was an "outsider." The term referred to more than Lowenstein's place of residence. Eikenberry had lived in Brooklyn for a number of years, but he too had been called an "outsider" in 1970. Clearly the word "outsider" was used more in a cultural than a geographic sense. Rooney's organization generated rumors and circulated literature associating Lowenstein with the hippies, flag burners, pornography lovers, and radicals. It also accused Lowenstein of living among his "friends" the blacks and Puerto Ricans, who were regarded as the most dangerous "outsiders" of all.

Lowenstein attempted to counter these charges by resorting to some of the more traditional old politics techniques. He set up highly visible storefront headquarters, providing jobs for local residents and keeping a number of people on the payroll even though they did little work. He established "community service desks" to deal with personal problems—emulating the patronage apparatus on which the old-line political organizations were based. He distributed literature discussing purely local issues (such as a hospital which needed renovating), and had it translated into Italian, Polish and Yiddish. He spent many days walking the streets of the neighborhoods, handing out "Lowenstein for Congress" red-white-and-blue shopping bags (he ultimately gave out more than 100,000 during the campaign) and attending countless block parties and meetings. And he also succeeded in convincing several people from the white ethnic neighborhoods to run with him on the Reform slate—Mike Pesce from Carroll Gardens, a candidate for State Assembly, and Mike Calandrillo and Stella Kastava, who were challenging the regular organization candidates for Assembly District Leader.

Chauvinism and Smear

While Lowenstein tried to emphasize what he regarded as important national issues, like Rooney's support of the war and his opposition to tax reform, Rooney hit hardest on aid to parochial schools, an increasingly volatile question among ethnic Catholics in Brooklyn's 14th District and elsewhere. Lowenstein responded to this issue directly and honestly before hostile audiences.

In the one and only debate for which Rooney showed up—held at a Catholic church in Greenpoint—Rooney attacked Lowenstein as a "radical and subversive" who would "close down your parochial schools and permit abortions of your children." Under hostile questioning, Lowenstein explained he favored a system of tax credits to help parents pay the cost of private school education. But one questioner persisted, "Do you favor a constitutional amendment permitting direct aid—answer yes or no." "No, I do not," said Lowenstein simply, to a chorus of boos. "There are more people in public schools in this country than private and parochial schools; and such an amendment couldn't possibly succeed. To promise it would is to play with your fears without giving you any solution. In the process of trying to pass such an amendment, moreover, there would be great religious divisions in the country. I want to get people to work together across religious and racial lines to get what they want and need. That can be done." Some heads in the audience nodded at that last line, but for the most part the listeners seemed unconvinced.

As the primary campaign entered its final weeks, leaders of the local Party organization, with powerful Brooklyn Democratic boss Meade Esposito at the helm, began to realize that Lowenstein was making inroads and things were beginning to get out of control. So they set into motion the two

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major weapons which had protected them from various insurgencies in years past: stirring up neighborhood and ethnic chauvinism through smear and innuendo; and the raising of scare issues.

On the day before the election, an Archdiocese School Association mailed letters to all the priests in the district asking them to endorse Rooney from the pulpit; Rooney put out his own mailing to Catholics stressing the abortion and aid-to-parochial schools issues. Lowenstein frantically tried to answer the attacks in his own letters and literature; he even visited Catholic churches during mass time on the Sunday before election. In the final days, while storefronts in black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods were begging for more manpower to help out on election day, extra volunteers were allocated to Greenpoint and Hassidic Williamsburg to try to counter the last minute smears by Rooney and the party regulars.

Even Buckley Was Impressed

If the use of scare tactics were not effective enough, the regulars were prepared to manipulate the results on election day. They controlled the Board of Elections, and their people were the chief polling place officials. Lowenstein's organization tried to prepare for this by recruiting and training 200-300 "poll-watchers" and "assistant attorneys general" to watch out for Lowenstein's interests at the polls. The overall feeling was, however, that Lowenstein had a chance to win by a landslide and that it would be very difficult for the organization to manipulate the totals sufficiently to affect the result.

Even the most battle-seasoned veterans of past voter fraud experiences were amazed at what happened throughout the district on election day. While people in pro-Rooney areas were being hustled in and out of the polls, there were waiting lines of up to four hours in places like Cadman Plaza, an upper-income apartment complex with lots of Lowenstein supporters. By 2 a.m., they were still lined up at Cadman and other liberal areas, and campaign workers were sent to convince people to stay and vote, since the election appeared to be close. Throughout the day, hundreds of people refused to vote in an endurance contest and left in disgust.

The explanation for the delays was simple: the Board of Elections had violated the law that requires at least two voting machines in districts with more than 750-800 registered voters. In the white ethnic areas there seemed to be plenty of machines, but throughout the black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods there was an acute shortage. In these areas (according to affidavits collected by Lowenstein), various polls opened several hours late; numerous voters were turned away because their "buff cards"—registration identification cards—were mysteriously missing, even though they had voted in the same place many times before, and delays and harassments were common.

The official results of the election showed Rooney ahead by 801 votes out of almost 30,000 cast. Lowenstein was convinced that he would have won the election by a margin exceeding 2,500 votes, if it had been run fairly.

On the Sunday after the election, a meeting was called for the people who had witnessed or experienced election day irregularities. The turnout was expected to be small, especially since it rained during the morning, but over 300 people from all the major neighborhoods showed up.

They strained to understand each others' accents, often without success, but it didn't matter, since the stories were so similar and so redundant that everybody understood. "I personally know more than 100 people who were qualified to vote and were turned away," said one black. "In all my 40 years of politics," said a Pole from Greenpoint, "I ain't never seen vote stealin' like this. . . and I seen my share in the old days."

After the meeting was held, Lowenstein put together an investigation team that came up with as many as 14,000 reported irregularities and over 4,000 cases of fraud—such as finagling the machine totals and obstructing people from voting. Volunteers went through all 80,000 buff cards of registered Democrats and discovered among the many bogus votes that several of Rooney's relatives had signed their cards twice—fairly conclusive evidence that they voted twice.

The evidence was so overwhelming that even William F. Buckley was impressed. "It happens," he said, "that Mr. Lowenstein backs enthusiastically almost every mistaken political idea that ever issued out of the social imagination of man, but that isn't the point, any more so than when us good guys sat around in 1964 worrying how many votes would be stolen from Barry Goldwater by the Democratic poll tenders.

"Fair elections," Buckley continued, "like precautions against accidental wars, are in everybody's interest. It is lucky for our

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international reputation that we didn't invite any South Vietnamese professors over to monitor the Lowenstein election."

Lowenstein filed two lawsuits, one in federal and one in state court, documenting the fraud and seeking to be declared the election winner, or at least that a new election be ordered. At the time of this writing, the state court case is being tried....

He Could Have Won

What does Lowenstein's experience in Brooklyn tell us about the chances of "new politics" candidates winning substantial support from white ethnic working people, where the issues and the challenge to the local power structure in the campaign are clearly perceived by the voters?

There were certain exceptions which indicate that, at least in some places, Lowenstein had broken through. A study of the election district results—even discounting for distortions caused by fraud—still dramatically highlight how little progress Lowenstein made, after all his effort, in winning support of the white ethnics. As one surveys the vote in the various neighborhoods, the totals show a clear-cut division among liberals, blacks, and Puerto Ricans, on the one hand, and white ethnic, blue-collar people on the other.

Here are a few samples of election precinct results:

From Italian Carroll Gardens—Lowenstein 65, Rooney 160; next door to liberal Brooklyn Heights—Lowenstein 241, Rooney 70. From Puerto Rican Williamsburg—Lowenstein 173, Rooney 41; next door to Hassidic Williamsburg—Lowenstein 49, Rooney 293. From Italian Bushwick—Lowenstein 38, Rooney 255; to black and Puerto Rican Bushwick—almost across the street—Lowenstein 174, Rooney 35. From Polish Greenpoint—Lowenstein 60, Rooney 284; next door to Puerto Rican Greenpoint—Lowenstein 173, Rooney 41.

Moreover, the white ethnics turned out in much larger numbers for Rooney against Lowenstein than they had in the 1970 contest. In a number of election districts in Greenpoint, Lowenstein had even run considerably behind Eikenberry's totals. Evidently the fear that Lowenstein's heavy campaigning in those neighborhoods would only stir up the organization's efforts and anti-Lowenstein feelings had proven correct. Lowenstein had done better in the liberal areas then Eikenberry. But the turn-out in these areas was light.

Thus, while Lowenstein failed to make significant inroads into the white ethnic neighborhoods, he probably could have won—even with the irregularities occurring—had he devoted more efforts to insure a greater turn-out in the liberal areas. Where there were strong local organizations in these neighborhoods the vote was substantially higher.

In an adjoining district, Elizabeth Holtzman, a young reformer benefitting from the absence of the kinds of tactics used against Lowenstein, narrowly defeated Representative Emmanuel Celler. Holtzman was a native of her Brooklyn district, and her family was well-known in the community. This deprived the organization of the "outsider" issue. Moreover, the organization had diverted its resources to the Lowenstein-Rooney contest. "Brooklyn Democratic boss Meade Esposito was so anxious to beat Lowenstein in the 14th District," said a former National Committeeman from New York, "that he sent everyone out of Manny Celler's district into Rooney's to pull it out on election day and left Celler with little to work with." In any case, although Holtzman ran well among some traditional voters, the bulk of her support came from liberal-reformist voters.

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Given these political realities—the wide disparities in attitudes between the ethnics and the liberals and the ability of the locally based regular organization to exacerbate these conflicts and stir up old fears and suspicions—the outlook for putting together the old coalition must remain bleak.

Perhaps the most pragmatic strategy in the short run is for liberal candidates to blur over controversial issues; if possible, to cooperate with, or at least end-run the local Party structure; and hope, once elected, to push for the changes they avoided talking about during the campaign.

This was essentially the strategy which Senator McGovern followed in his Brooklyn primary race. Since Brooklyn boss Esposito had endorsed McGovern, McGovern decided he did not need to identify with the liberal reform challenges in Brooklyn. When McGovern came to Lowenstein's district to campaign, Lowenstein was permitted to introduce McGovern only after a great deal of haggling with McGovern's New York organization. (A few days earlier, Kathleen Kennedy had appeared in the same place on behalf of McGovern, and Lowenstein had been barred from the platform.) Although McGovern had a few kind words for Lowenstein, Lowenstein was later amazed to learn that McGovern had indicated to the press that he was "neutral" between Lowenstein and Rooney—"neutral" in a race between the man who had founded the Dump Johnson movement and organized the campuses against the war and one of the most militant hawks in the Congress, "neutral" between a man who supported McGovern himself for President, and a man who supported Wilbur Mills. There was much consternation among the McGovern-supporting Lowenstein staff when news of McGovern's neutrality arrived, but many could see the political sense to it. McGovern's delegates, as things inevitably turned out, ran ahead of Lowenstein in the ethnic neighborhoods. McGovern was a fresh face; few people knew much about him, except that "Meade" had flown to California and had some nice words for him. Certainly few knew anything about his position on aid to parochial schools or abortion. The McGovern organization made little effort to educate them any further. Thus, McGovern had no impact on the values or power relationships of the people in Lowenstein's district, but at least he won a few delegates.

Another possible strategy, also based on pragmatism, might be to write off the white ethnic neighborhoods entirely. This was, essentially, the strategy pursued by Eikenberry and recommended to Lowenstein by his staff. But such a strategy, while it might win an election, would eliminate the opportunity for a real exchange of ideas between the liberal candidate and ethnic voters, leaving the candidate in the traps of condescension and misunderstanding, and the voters with their attitudes unchallenged.

A third possible strategy is the one that Lowenstein chose, an amalgam of new and old politics, aimed both at the white ethnics and the reform coalitions, and also aimed at putting ideas and local politics to the test of confrontation. Inherent in this strategy is accepting the fact that, in a given election, it may be a losing one.

The special difficulties which Lowenstein experienced, however, and the success of Reform candidate Mike Pesce over the organization candidate for the State Assembly nomination, suggest a possible fourth alternative: run a reform politician who comes out of the white ethnic-working class constituency. Pesce ran strongly in liberal Brooklyn Heights and Cobble Hill neighborhoods. But he also showed significant strength in Italian Carroll Gardens, despite his liberal views and his allegiance to the anti-organization cause. Pesce was born and raised in Carroll Gardens; his family is large enough, with enough relatives from the same town in Italy, to constitute a political base in itself.

The Pesce strategy may offer the best hope for reaching local voters through ethnic ties and liberal organizers through ideological ties. It may also help bridge a gap between working class constituents wary of political innovation, and liberal campaigners wary of any idea or concern—however valid—advanced by white ethnic constituents. In the past, the separation of liberal candidates from ethnic voters has resulted not only in lost elections, but also wild misjudgments on stock liberal stands like opposition to aid to parochial schools, while valid counterarguments generated from districts like Rooney's go ignored.

Thus, candidates like Lowenstein, committed to a "new politics" and determined to reconstruct the liberal-minorities-blue collar coalition on a platform of social, economic and political change, may have to be willing to stand aside and let someone from the white ethnic neighborhood district run instead. Whether they are willing to do that, and whether their supporters agree to work for someone outside their own political and social circles, remains to be seen.■

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The Dark Side of Two American Dreams

a review by Suzannah Lessard

The romance of lighting out for new regions still flourishes in the American heart. Pioneering has degenerated into emigrating, but when people take off for other places, their decision is still likely to be perceived as a positive one, evidence of an appetite for challenge, and any number of other pioneer virtues. Vance Packard's *A Nation of Strangers** is a massive compilation of material on the seamy side of the myth—the actuality behind the U. S. census figure that Americans move on the average of 14 times during their lives. The book covers everything from towns in which the ordinary citizen is an up-and-coming executive who perches his family there for two years or so, to communities of defense workers (among the most transient), to retirement villages of old people far from home. Packard looks at the pseudo-towns this restlessness creates, the tendency towards one-layer communities (in age and income), and somewhat loosely, the effects that constant mobility has on people.

For example, alcoholism and mental illness are exceptionally prevalent among the recently moved; divorce rates match mobility rates area for area; political participation or indeed any form of community cooperation degenerates; television has become, for many people, the main substitute for continuous companionship; welcoming people into a new place and helping them integrate and adjust has turned into a booming business since that function is no longer performed spontaneously by a community; and, because they know they will have to sell fast, people subordinate personal taste to necessity and buy the most conventional houses with the result that their homes, like their ever-replaced friends, are interchangeable.

The landscapes dotted with "homes" have become little more than rows of huge motels, with first, second, and third-class sections occupied according to what income stage the occupants have reached. Because the progression is usually tied to age, each section tends to be roughly uniform: young couples with grammar-school children occupy the third-class section, and so on. Because most of the men commute to their jobs, they are not seen in the landscape until evening. And, of course, there are no old people, except in separate sections. The family units have been criticized for being unneighborly to each other, but when you see that they are all constantly moving in

*A Nation of Strangers. *Vance Packard. McKay, $7.95.*

Suzannah Lessard is an editor of *The Washington Monthly*

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and out of vacancies, it becomes understandable. The children have been criticized for being unreachable, in the exclusive, suspicious orbit of their own generation. But their only social experience is their school—where they are thrown in together, pulled out individually, and then thrown back into a different place. When you see that they have no continuity of relationship with adults other than their parents, nor with contemporaries, except in an impersonal, tribal sense, the generation gap becomes almost inevitable. The fathers have been accused of being weak presences in the household and thus accountable for the unruly, alienated behavior of their children, but when you see that most of their waking hours are spent at work in some distant place, the exercise of a strong fatherhood is indeed a lot to ask.

This is the picture that emerges from Packard's book. It is dominated by a floating depression—settling on an individual here, the architecture there—which the mass state of homelessness generates. The depression affects permanent residents as well as the temporary because, as Packard puts it, "Transients create fissures in a community." In many ways staying put has little value if everyone around you is moving.

This book varies widely in quality. Packard is at his best when he is simply describing Azusa or the way Welcome Wagons operate, and unrewarding when he ventures into commentary and analysis, but taken as a whole, the book hits directly on a fact of American life which we have all known exists but have never specifically identified as the source of a whole set of seemingly disparate social ills.

Bringing Hogarth Home

Another writer has identified a major influence in the creation of the scene Packard describes. The thesis of Lawrence Fuchs' book, *A Family Matter,** is that the cult of personal independence has led Americans to undervalue family—and community—bonds to the point that they are perceived as a threat rather than a blessing. His analysis of the drive for what he calls independence in American life begins to explain why this pathological restlessness has been allowed, if not encouraged, to develop.

Fuchs bases his discussion on a paradigm of the early development of the American family. As he draws it, the desire of young people to make it on their own led young couples to leave the bosom of extended families, and thus began the nuclear family. Child care came to be considered a one-person operation—the mother's charge, since the father had to earn and there were no other family members around—and the stress in the voluminous 19th-century works on child care was independence of the child. Self-sufficiency was to be encouraged, dependency discouraged, thus reinforcing the child's desire to repeat the parents' pattern and "get out" as soon as he or she was grown up. Then, since the nuclear family not only accentuated the role division, but isolated women in their niches, women began to see themselves as imprisoned and to feel the lure of independence—conceived as freedom from their family role. Thus divorce came to represent liberation for many women, and the stability of the family structure was further eroded. During this process, according to Fuchs, the function of fatherhood declined rapidly, the threatening figure of Super-Mom emerged, and children who were raised to be "independent" became willful, unhappy adolescents, resentful of authority in any form. In contrast to this scenario, Fuchs indirectly sets a rather Hogarthian model of the old-time family—buzzing with cousins, aunts, uncles, grandparents, in-laws, hangers-on, and probably chickens, pigs, and goats—with women bearing the children in the big bed, wedding nights raucously intruded upon by the folks, death-watch scenes, and some hoary old male presiding over all. The image is never set forth as something we could go back to, but it rustles continually through the pages of the book. There has been a "degutsing" of family life, Fuchs says, and looking at Packard's picture against older ways of life, his point comes home with extra force.

Dick and Jane on Wheels

Although voluntary servitude describes more aptly than independence the state of the people in Packard's book, their life style is a logical outcome of the drive for self-suffiency. Beholden to no one but themselves, their lives are perfectly self-enclosed, their transience cutting off the last outside support, a community of friends and neighbors. They are almost abstractions of the ideal Mom, Dad, Dick, and Jane nuclear family. Their all-American willingness to pack up and go whenever the opportunity calls is, in practice, about as assertive as a

*A Family Matter. *Lawrence Fuchs. Random House, $6.95.*

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piece of metal drawn to a magnet. They represent the extreme of independence, in which independence is inverted and becomes passivity and self-determination transforms into a senseless, tumbleweed-like existence. The picture they form is one of an almost total breakdown of culture.

In pressing his case that the philosophy of independence is the conditioning which has led Americans to unquestioningly assume that attachments beyond immediate family are not only dispensable, but are potential threats to the inalienable right to do your own thing—and hence the sterile, isolated nuclear family—Fuchs takes on a pantheon of early Americans as his adversaries. He quotes Emerson, "trust thyself . . . nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind," and criticizes Thoreau's celebration of nature as the only suitable companion for man because, turbulent as the elements might be, they never violate the "inner voice."

The context of the breakdown of society and family powerfully supports Fuchs' attack on these concepts, yet the ideas of Emerson, Thoreau, and company stir something deep inside, even when they are flanked in Fuchs' pages by evidence and arguments against them. The prospect of unstringing the chord they strike conjures up a personally unacceptable unstringing of the spirit. If the part of one which responds to those ideas must be the price of retreating from Packard's world, then it is a desperate, embittering choice. The life style of Packard's people, the logical consequence of the pursuit of a kind of literal self-sufficiency, is indeed desolate. On the other hand, discomfort with Fuchs' categorical dismissal of those old American ideas leads me to question his definition of independence—whether independence is really the price one must pay for bonds, roots, and community.

Fuchs has construed the choice by lumping the whole notion of independence with that peculiar brand of spoiledness in which a person feels that any demand which compromises his or her freedom to do what he or she wants is grossly "unfair." That strikes me as a very low-grade interpretation of independence, just as moving about geographically as the spirit—or corporation—moves you seems a limited and rather adolescent idea of how to preserve the integrity of one's "inner voice." Literally leaving home and striking out into new territory has been associated in America with growing up and living your own life because actual new territory lay out there to be settled, and the development of the country would have ground to a halt if everyone had stayed home on the East Coast. But it doesn't take much philosophical depth to see that geographically leaving home is a metaphor, not a formula, for growing up, nor is the idea that independence of spirit or self-possession is something people achieve inside themselves an astoundingly new one. The reason living in a permanent community of people, even in a backwater, seems preferable to the life of the wandering Americans is not that the price of wandering outweighs the worth of independence, but that it seems more likely one would be able to achieve real independence—self-possession and a strong "inner voice"—in the backwater than tumbleweeding through a suburban wasteland.

Thoreau at Home

Roots and bonds aren't the enemy of independence. The enemy is in people who try to force upon you their idea of what you should be. That kind of crushing of another person can take place under any circumstances, but some are more conducive to it than others. The space-capsule family makes it almost inevitable because of the intensity of dependencies within it, however unfettered the unit might be from the outside. Privacy is almost impossible, erratic behavior intolerable, and failures, weaknesses, and additional demands are more than any one person can take, because everyone is stretched to the limit, as on a tightly run ship. There is no leeway for the spirit. Life in a larger group of close relationships is far less likely to precipitate that syndrome because demands are diffused among many people.

The fear that a network of obligations will hobble your aspirations is, however, itself a genuine threat. The fear readily translates into resentment and a consequent tensing-up in your dealings with the people around you, thus straight-jacketing the expansion of your own spirit and fulfilling your worst expectations. Incidentally, it is curious that the same people who see extended family obligations as hindrances have widely accepted the idea that taking on added responsibility in their work will make it richer, more lively, and more worthwhile. Perhaps the tendency to seal off family life from work so absolutely that they relate only in competition with each other is one of the forces which has built the world described in Packard's book.

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Fuchs gave Emerson and Thoreau the gate as threats to family and community. It happens, however, that both spent their lives in Concord, Massachusetts. In the introduction to the Modern Library collection of Thoreau's works, Brooks Atkinson writes of the author's parents, also, of course, citizens of Concord:

> Being practical people, they may have hoped to have him succeed in one of the established professions, as other good students generally did. But the profession he practiced was a strange one that he evoked from his private character, and it paid him nothing but his self-respect. If his parents, his brothers, and sisters were disappointed, there is no record of regret or rebuke. They were people of intelligence and principle; probably they always understood his potentialities and admired his vital integrity, and it is certain that they loved him with the warm affection of a family that lived on intimate terms.

When his father died, Thoreau assumed the responsibility of being head of the family.

The disintegration of talent for living intimately with all sorts of other people is, to my mind, the cause for the breakdown Packard's book illustrates. The urge for independence is accountable only insofar as independence has been misinterpreted and the metaphor of striking out on one's own has been taken literally as offering the essence of personal liberty. The task of reversing the pattern, however, seems almost insurmountable in practical terms. Architects and urban planners are beginning to put their minds to finding alternatives to cellular units in one-layer communities, and the corporate policy of moving personnel is beginning to come under public criticism. But the external structure is so far along—people are already dispersed, housing has been built on the one-dimensional space capsule pattern, and people have set up their lives accordingly. You can't raze the whole thing and start from scratch. You can't blow a whistle and say everybody back to their families and communities, and even if you could, it would be pointless because the families and communities no longer exist as such.

Resisting the Tumbleweed

What can change is an attitude. Packard's people, the extreme victims, seem stretched so close to the threshold of intolerable pain that it seems almost certain they will begin to rebel against this way of life, dig their heels in, and say no to "opportunity" and "the big time." The idea that it is self-defeating to knock everything down and start all over or find an empty spot—new territory—and try to build the perfect arrangement has been current in urban renewal circles for some time. The alternative concept is to work with what you've got because even a dismal slum has an inner balance and culture which is irreplaceable. The concept of working with what you've got personally does not necessarily mean sticking it out in Concord no matter what, or living in the bosom of a huge family. It's a matter of attitude, of seeing the place where you happen to be and the different kinds of people in it—beyond the carefully selected circle of homogeneous friends—not as a handicap, but as something of value, a potentially liberating resource rather than an encumbrance.

Both of these books, although written in totally different styles and from different perspectives, represent the beginning of the kind of reflection which may lead to a sea change in attitudes. Neither is very satisfactory in itself. Packard rambles, goes for the cornball too often, and doesn't succeed in capturing the significance of his astonishing material. Fuchs affects a kind of pan-intellectualism which only blurs the issue, sinks into the banal, and seems to flail hysterically about the germ of his idea, the misbegotten adulation of independence. A tendency to take feminism in its most superficial sense and then discredit it should also be mentioned. But both hit the nail on the head, albeit with rubber hammers, in their very different ways, identifying and isolating the disease behind the upsetting display of contradictory and far-ranging symptoms of cultural breakdown.■

Answers to August puzzle:

R	O	O	S	E	V	E	L	T		V	O	T	E	S
E		U		L		S		R		I		E		T
A	N	T	H	E	M	S		U	P	S	T	A	G	E
C		V		C		E	L	M		I		C		V
T	R	O	U	T		N		A		T	A	H	O	E
		T			L	E	A	N	S			E		N
P	L	E	D	G	E		M		H	O	R	S	E	S
L			X		V	O	I	C	E		M			O
A	D	V	I	S	E		T		L	A	N	D	O	N
T		E			L	O	Y	A	L			I		
F	I	N	A	L		U		P		S	H	A	P	E
O		I		A		T	O	P		T		R		A
R	O	S	S	I	N	I		E	A	R	R	I	N	G
M		O		R		N		A		A		S		E
S	Y	N	O	D		G	O	L	D	W	A	T	E	R

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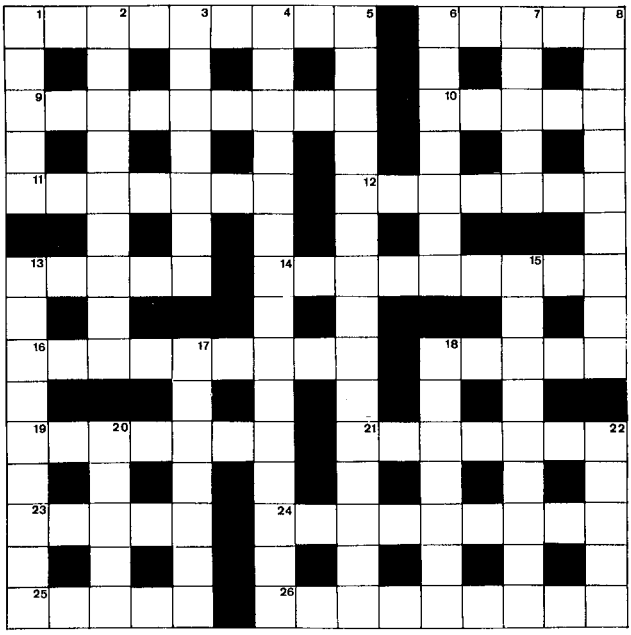
The Political Puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. Call acid a highway pollution menace. (1, 8)
6. R. Baker: "Best way to stop 1 across!" (5)
9. Dirty engine is how her pig gets fast start. (4-5)
10. Pastry cook tames highway menace. (5)
11. Hymn for cholera victim. (7)
12. 15th gear produces court's decision. (7)
13. How you feel out in the rain at Stowe. (2, 3)
14. Maud hopes that Agnes left no worse than this. (4, 5)
16. Way to attain our goal of saving gas on long trip. (4-5)
18. To travel in these is smart back home. (5)
19. Wow! Honk to establish identity! (4, 3)
21. Is it yellow to pay chin tax? (7)
23. She should write daily. (5)
24. That Godiva dame's ride not real. (2, 7)
25. It's right to go around. (5)
26. Passenger not troubled in dire years. (4, 5)

DOWN

1. Had small company on provisional basis. (2, 3)
2. See a gnat work in Cambodia. (6, 3)
3. Way to set a tin lamp down good. (7)
4. Used by cars under loose law dealing with pollution. (3-4, 8)
5. Exhausts the andiron-sex combo. (6, 9)
6. This rib is unAmerican. (7)
7. Before Ike. (5)
8. Reneges in bridge game. (9)
13. Key man gulps up with open space inside. (5, 4)
15. Humane, sad, but still proud. (9)
17. Here by water no need to opt what route to take. (7)
18. Kind of bicycle for a regent. (3-4)
20. Monks follow law and become political issue. (5)
22. He cried for his drink. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word.
Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 42.

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Why the poor don't vote: causes, consequences and cure.

The minority poor of America have more to gain from the electoral process than any other group, yet they rarely participate. Why? Penn T. Kimball's path-breaking study, THE DISCONNECTED, examines this crucial political issue in the light of past and present trends.

Kimball bases his analysis on close examination of four different groups: Blacks and Puerto Ricans in New York, Newark, and Cleveland; Chicanos in Los Angeles and San Antonio; Indians in Arizona; and Southern Blacks in New Orleans and Atlanta. It was not surprising, Dr. Kimball notes, to verify that their rates of voting registration and turnout were distressingly low. What was unexpected was the discovery that this condition stubbornly resists the normal forms of political organization.

Kimball's findings—and his revolutionary recommendations—are receiving serious study by politicians in this Presidential year, and their impact will be felt increasingly in elections to come. His book is required reading for all students of political science.

The Disconnected

Penn T. Kimball

cloth $10.00,
Columbia Paperback 147
$2.95

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POLITICAL BOOK NOTES

Public affairs books to be published in September.

Academic Rebellion in the U. S. Bettina Aptheker. Citadel, $6.95.

Airports and Congestion: A Problem of Misplaced Subsidies. Ross D. Eckert. American Enterprise Institute, $3.

America is Hard to Find. Daniel Berrigan. Doubleday, $5.95. A person's impassioned letters are a distorting perspective, so perhaps it's unfair to say, on the basis of these missives, that Berrigan is a touch mad. His pen seems a valve through which unbearable pressure hisses. Amid the prolific bad poetry, compulsive blather, and mish-mash of reality and mysticism, a kind of hypnotic genius surfaces every so often, transporting the mind one knows not where. For instance, of his escape from the FBI at Cornell, he writes: "I made my escape through a dramatic troupe, the Bread and Puppet Theater, borrowing one of their large, marvelous puppets of one of the apostles. I proceeded out of the hall, bobbing underneath this tremendous papier-mache and burlap figure, got into a panel truck and away. I think it was a metaphor of how one may make his escape into a deeper underground, almost in a Greek Mythological sense, into a deeper reality, through drama, in such a way that one's escape may become, from another point of view, his return."

An American Philosophy of Social Security: Evaluation and Issues. J. Douglas Brown. Princeton, $8.50.

Beyond Black and White. Jones P. Comer. Quadrangle, $6.95.

Black Education: Myths and Tragedies. Thomas Sowell. McKay, $6.95.

Black Image: Education Copes with Color. Jean D. Grambs and John C. Carr, eds., Wm. C. Brown, $2.95.

Both Your Houses. Warren Weaver, Jr. Praeger, $7.95. A Hedda Hopper of the Hill. Drags up every manipulation, fornication, and fraud known to the Congress.

Civil Disobedience: Aid or Hindrance to Justice? William Sloane Coffin, Jr. and Morris I. Leibman. American Enterprise Institute, $5.75. For banality, the conservative Leibman proves to be Coffin's equal in this less than classic debate—were it a gunfight, both would be dead.

Continuing Care in a Community Hospital. Harold N. Willard and Stanislav V. Kasl. Harvard, $8.

A Continuous Harmony: Essays Cultural and Agricultural. Wendell Berry. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $5.95. There is a cumulative wisdom in these ruminatings from the hills of Kentucky. A soothing spirit, though not because he makes you feel all is well.

Corporate Power in America. Ralph Nader and Mark J. Green. Grossman, $6.95.

The Crippled Giant. J. William Fulbright. Random House, $6.95, $1.95.

The Darkening Land. William Longgood. Simon & Schuster, $8.95. A useful, scattershot environmental education. Without meaning to, it illustrates the ethical chaos in a movement that attacks litter and extinction simultaneously. Longgood mourns a dead pigeon and a dead ocean with equal intensity.

Dragon by the Tail: American, British, Japanese, and Russian Encounters with China and Each Other. John Paton Davies. Norton, $10.

The Dream and the Deal: The Federal Writers' Project, 1935-1943. Jerre Mangione. Little, Brown, $12.50. A thorough and well-written account of the politics and people involved in the Roosevelt New Deal program to hire writers to keep them from starving. By the coordinating editor of the project. Good reading for anyone interested in the subject matter.

The Economics of Environmental Quality. James C. Hite, Hugh H. Macaulay, James M. Stepp, Bruce Yandle, Jr. American Enterprise Institute, $3. What McNamara did for the Pentagon, the authors do for evolution. A PPBS-type cost-benefit analysis sees continued environmental prosperity marred only by conflicting priorities—like when a swimmer gets tangled up in a fisherman's line.

The Education of a Congressman: The Newsletters of Morris K. Udall. Robert L. Peabody, ed. Bobbs-Merrill, $6.50. Udall must have better stories to tell than the ones he reported back to his constituents in these 23 self-serving newsletters.

The Emerging Minorities in America: A Resource Guide for Teachers. Santa Barbara Board of Education. ABC-CLIO, $11.95.

Essays on an America in Transition. David Rodnick. Caprock Press, $8.95, $4.95.

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The Fall of the American University. Adam Ulam. Library Press, $7.95.

Federal Lending Programs. Dan Larkins. American Enterprise Institute, $3.

God Save This Honorable Court. Louis Kohlmeier. Scribners, $7.95.

Hidden Injuries of Class. Richard Sennett and Jonathan Cobb. Knopf, $6.95. Another futile attempt to combine an analysis of Marx with a description of what a Bronx washerwoman does all day. Better than most books of this kind.

How CBS Tried to Kill a Book. Edith Efron. Nash, $6.95.

The Incredible George Wallace. Michael Dorman. Harper & Row, $7.95.

Individual and Collective Responsibility: Massacre at My Lai. Peter A. French, ed. Schenkman, $6.95, $2.95.

Inside America: A Black African Diplomat Speaks Out. Fred Kwesi Hayford. Acropolis, $6.95. A Europeanized black comments on his developing black pride as reaction to U. S. prejudice. Fairly obvious, juvenile account.

International Monetary Problems. Fritz Machlup, Armin Gutowski, Friedrich A. Lutz. American Enterprise Institute, $4.

It's So Good Don't Even Try It Once: Heroin in Perspective. David E. Smith and George R. Gay, eds. Prentice-Hall, $5.95. $2.45.

The Kennedy Neurosis. Nancy G. Clinch. Grosset & Dunlap, $10.

The Kidner Report: A Guide to Creative Bureaucracy. John Kidner. Acropolis, $5.95, $3.50. A satirical handbook for aspiring bureaucrats. Cuts through the fog of Herniology (hernia-giving terminology) to reveal the computer-based efficiency of the "ole BS" (Bureaucratic System) where "inputs conform to the programs designed to process them."

Leadership Development for Public Service. Barry A. Passet. Gulf.

Life Insurance. Joseph M. Belth. Indiana University, $6.95.

Lippman, Liberty and the Press. John Luskin. University of Alabama, $7.95. Without saying anything new, the book says the old things very well. Critical, but fair biography of Walter Lippman, who wrote books deploring the public's hopeless, but unerring capacity for poor judgment, yet eloquently defends the publication of the Pentagon Papers.

Luce and His Empire. W. A. Swanberg. Scribners, $12.50. If Dan Ellsberg is right in finding the roots of Vietnam in the fact that American policy since 1950 has been based on each administration's saying to itself that we can't lose another China before the next election, then, as this book makes absorbingly clear, the man mainly responsible for their fear of losing another China (and thus mainly responsible for Vietnam) was Henry R. Luce. He was the one American press lord who really had the kind of power portrayed in *Citizen Kane.*

Making of a Slum. Michael Dorman. Delacorte, $6.95. The deterioration in the last 20 years of Hunts Point (a section of the Bronx) from an especially congenial and self-respecting neighborhood into a sub-ghetto wasteland. Hunts Point has become a place in which a resident has a one-in-twenty chance of dying a natural death, in which addicts steal plumbing and leave the water gushing while police look on, and where grocery wholesalers refuse to deliver to local stores. It might provide an invaluable study in urban decay, but Michael Dorman has not lived up to his material: too much before and after, not enough in-between and a touch of sentimentality out of place in this tragedy. The book, full of anecdotes and individual histories, is absorbing nonetheless. It's hard to imagine an account of that plunge into hellish oblivion that wouldn't be.

Meany. Joseph C. Goulden. Atheneum, $12.50.

Memoirs, Volume II: 1950-1963. George F. Kennan. Atlantic Monthly/Little, Brown, $10. Not only valuable as dissent, Kennan's readable portrayal of detrimental congressional influence on foreign policy, today pre-empted by the Executive branch, serves as a warning away from extremes in either direction.

Moscow Conversations. Susan Jacoby. Coward McCann & Geoghegan, $6.95.

A Nation of Strangers. Vance Packard. McKay, $7.95. See Suzannah Lessard's review in this issue of *The Washington Monthly.*

The Natural Mind: A New Way of Looking at Drugs and the Higher Consciousness. Andrew Weil. Houghton Mifflin, $5.95.

The New Chastity and Other Arguments Against Woman's Liberation. Midge Decter. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $5.95.

New Era in the Pacific. John Hohenburg. Simon & Schuster, $11.95. Competent, but humdrum survey of U. S. foreign policy in Asia and the sub-continent. Sympathetic. Approves of Asia's rise to autonomy as it's too much for us to handle ourselves.

The Nixon Doctrine. Melvin R. Laird,

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Robert P. Griffin, Gale W. McGee, Thomas C. Schelling. American Enterprise Institute.

Nixon's Quest for Peace. Frank Van der Linden. Luce/McKay, $6.95. A book that both his friends and enemies can appreciate, each in his own way.

The Nixon Nobody Knows. Henry D. Spalding. Jonathan David, $7.95.

The Papers of Adlai E. Stevenson, Volume I: Beginnings of Education, 1900-1941. Walter Johnson, ed. Little, Brown, $15.

Political Power and the Press. William J. Small. Norton, $8.95. Dull, sanctimonious history of relations between the press and the government by the Washington bureau chief of CBS. Like the evening news.

The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia. Alfred W. McCoy, Cathleen R. McCoy, and Leonard P. Adams. Harper & Row, $7.95.

The Political Science Annual: An International Review, Volume III, 1972. James A. Robinson. Bobbs-Merrill, $10.

The Politics of Land: The Ralph Nader Task Force Report on Land Use in the State of California. Robert C. Fellmeth, ed. Grossman.

Polls: Their Use and Misuse in Politics. Charles W. Roll, Jr. and Albert Cantril: Basic Books, $6.95.

Price of Empire. Sen. J. William Fulbright. Random House, $6.95, $1.95.

Prison. Leonard J. Berry. Grossman, $10. Interview snatches with inmates and complete gamut of staff at several prisons. Naturally some good (hair-raising) stuff, but really loaded down with insignificant remarks. What would seem to be effective live just doesn't seem to come off in print. Complete details on who drinks coffee, what the warden eats for lunch, etc.

Public Prices for Public Products. Selma Muchkin, ed. Urban Institute, $10.95, $6.50.

The Real Teachers: 30 Inner-City Schoolteachers Talk Honestly About Who They Are, How They Teach, and Why. Philip Sterling, ed. Random House, $8.95.

Reflections on the Causes of Human Misery: And Upon Certain Proposals to Eliminate Them. Barrington Moore, Jr. Beacon Press, $7.95.

Safety Last: The Dangers of Commercial Aviation, An Indictment by an Airline Pilot. Captain X. Dial, $7.95. Treats aerodynamic safety about the same way as J treats sex.

The Seventies: Problems and Proposals. Irving Howe and Michael Harrington, eds. Harper & Row, $10.

Small on Safety: The Designed-In Dangers of the Volkswagen. Center for Auto Safety. Grossman, $6.95.

Sowing the Wind: Pesticides, Meat, and the Public Interest. Harrison Wellford. Grossman.

The Statesman's Yearbook, 1972-1973. John Paxton, ed. St. Martin's Press, $13.95.

The Study of Community Power: A Bibliographic Review. Willis D. Hawley and James H. Svara, eds. ABC-CLIO, $11, $4.85.

The Tenant Survival Book. Emily Jane Goodman. Bobbs-Merrill, $8.50, $3.95.

Test Pattern for Living. Nicholas Johnson. Bantam, $1.25. Favorite sayings of the Nixon Adminstration's only hippie.

This Way Out: A Guide to Alternatives to Traditional Education in the United States, Europe, and the Third World. John Coyne and Tom Hebert. Dutton, $10, $4.95. The idea behind this book is one whose time has come: the best "college" education to be had is the one you get on your own. The first section details how teaching talent out there can be used. The authors wander off into a guide to experimental colleges for which they seem to have extraordinary enthusiasm, given their earlier cogent rejection of educational institutions. The last part is a compendium of ordinary, Peace Corps-

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ish advice about how to get on in the Third World. The book makes a significant inroad, even if it does end up humming under a tree.

The Unions. Haynes Johnson and Nick Kotz. Pocket Books, $1.25.

Utopia or Oblivion. R. Buckminster Fuller. Viking, $11.95.

U. S. Health Care: What's Wrong and What's Right. Stephen P. Strickland. Potomac Associates/Universe, $6, $2.25. A surprising consensus on the need for some form of national health insurance emerges from this statistical study of professional and lay opinion. Differences arise on the form of management required, with the doctors predictably less sanguine about government control of and lay participation in a national policy, both favored by the public. Still, sufficient consensus exists for policymakers to act on.

Voluntary Associations: Perspectives on the Literature. Constance Smith and Anne Freedman. Harvard, $10.

When in Doubt, Mumble. James H. Boren. Van Nostrand Reinhold, $5.95. A funny book from the greatest mumbler, finger tapper, and dynamic inactivist of them all.

When Parochial Schools Close: A Study in Educational Financing. Martin A. Larson. Luce, $7.50. Analyzes 16 cities which have had to deal with absorption of parochial students into public systems.

Where the Wasteland Ends. Theodore Roszak. Doubleday, $10.

Whistle Blowing. Ralph Nader, Peter J. Petkas, Kate Blackwell. Grossman, $6.95.

White Papers for an Outraged Conservative. John Cohane. Bobbs-Merrill, $10.

Who Is Angela Davis? Regina Nadelson. Peter H. Wyden/McKay, $5.95.

Who Makes the Laws: The Legislative Roles of Three Senate Committees. David E. Price. Schenkman, $8.95, $4.95.

Working Through. Leonard Kriegel. Saturday Review Press, $6.95. An earnest but uninteresting account of the author's experiences as student and professor. The most original material is the description of the Brooklyn branch of Long Island University —a university of losers, drop-outs, and crackpots on the dim borders of a city wilderness.

You and Your Congressman. Rep. John Wright. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $6.95.

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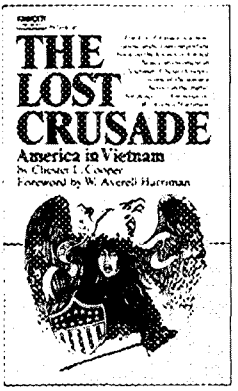

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